

THE NEW YORK MONTHLY • MARCH \$2.50

SPY

TRUE

Confessions

HACKING THROUGH THE
CELEBRITY MEMOIR GLUT

The Sex! The Drugs!

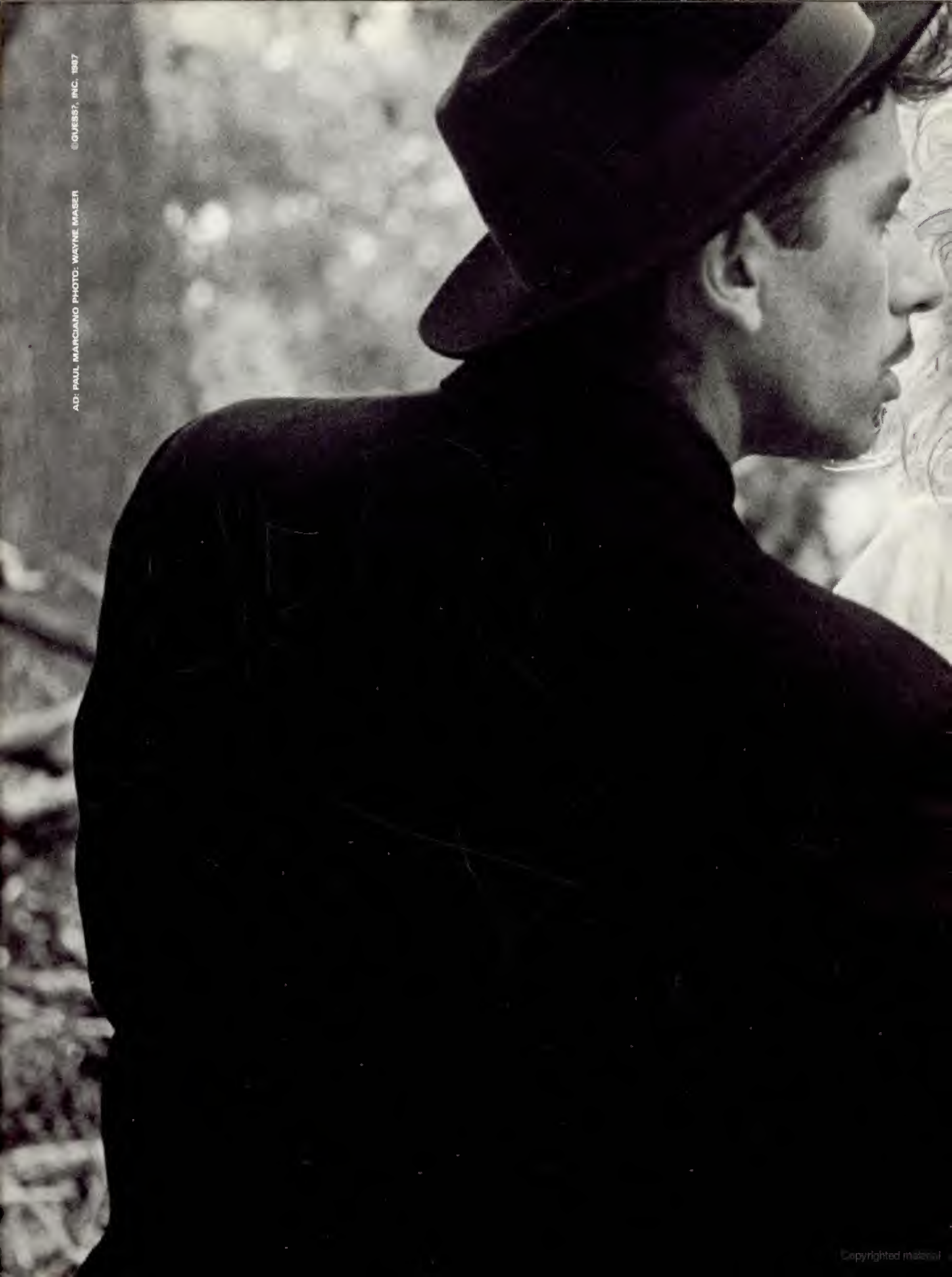
The Awkward Prose!

WALL STREET CROOKS:
PICK THE RIGHT PRISON FOR YOU

THE SPY MAP OF
REAGAN'S BODY

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AD: PAUL MARCIANO PHOTO: WAYNE MASER





*georges
marciano*

This One



OUR9-SUD-XKK2



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NAKED CITY

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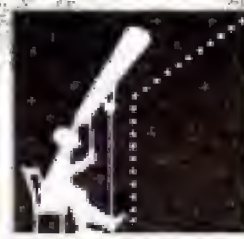
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MARCH 1987

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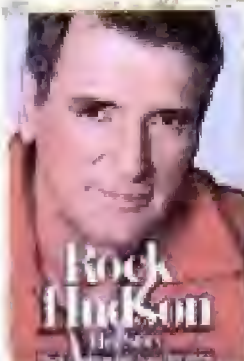
By ROY BLOUNT JR. 62

THE COVER
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The Duchess




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silly celebrity

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gether my clients' lives. And I love movies." become the new chairman of Universal



The deal memo is due by mid-March.

interface talent with money. I have a lot of enormous relationships with talent I have represented. I put to—Thomas Pollock, a lawyer who has never produced a movie, on his qualifications to



"I am fascinated by how you

THE DEAL MEMO IS DUE BY MID-MARCH. AT PRESS TIME OUR PEOPLE ON THE COAST WERE STILL IN DISCUSSIONS WITH THEIR PEOPLE, but the basic programming concept has already been focus-grouped like crazy in the 12 major markets. It's a sort of *Wackiest Ship in the Army*/Pee-wee Herman spin-off: *Ronald Reagan's Playhouse*, early fringe, barter strip, comedy



adventure. And if our people can work out the details with their people, the show will star the reunited cast of *Gilligan's Island*: Bob Denver playing both the president *and* Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, Jim Backus as George Shultz, Alan Hale Jr. as CIA director William

Casey, Dawn ("Mary Ann") Wells as George Bush. License fees from the ancillary markets alone (we're talking key-shaped cakes, we're talking nontalking Colonel Ollie action figures) should become our principal profit center no later than the third quarter of this year. We're very, very excited. ⚓ Knowing you, we bet you think the president has become intellectually incontinent. You probably find it baffling that



the administration has been giving weapons to the Irani government, weapons to people trying to overthrow the Irani government, accurate intelligence information to Iran and Iraq and deliberately inaccurate intelligence information to Iran and Iraq. Okay, sure, it does *seem* contradictory, even mad. But as a former Reagan Rough Rider explained recently, "You had to have been there." *You had to have been there*. It's a great excuse, a deliciously eighties excuse, and

we're very, very excited about it. ⚓ Nebraska's Edward Zorinsky, one of the few United States senators so politically goofy and so personally unappealing—such a *dinkhead*, moreover—that strangers assume he's a state legislator (or a liar) when he announces himself as *Senator*

Zorinsky, has just invented the perfect 1987 governmental entity. Starting immediately, Zorinsky will be chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics and International Communications—in other words, a Subcommittee on the Fashionable. It took a special sort of sick PR genius to conjure up a connection between those three subjects and pergo along. In fact, petitioning the 100th



suaude the Senate to we're envious. We're Congress to establish



HAT SHOE GESUNDHEIT



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M&Co

a House Subcommittee on Mesquite Grilling, Insider Trading, Surrogate Motherhood and Tougher Educational Standards.

A year from now we will be in the sweaty, delirious throes of a presidential race. So: *is* Jack Kemp homosexual? Where's the beef-cake? That's the rumor; we don't believe it, we're just reporting it, as the First Amendment requires us to do. We'd rather report only good news, but for us American newsmen and women, it's a sacred trust. Anyway, Kemp may possibly be aberrant but he is unquestionably dumb, and thus a sure loser in 1988. After two terms of a doltish guy-next-door, what we want now is an aberrant but *brainy* candidate; Republicans can take their pick from among a smart religious nut (Pat Robertson), a smart handicapped person (Bob Dole), a smart dwarf (Howard Baker) and a smart twit (Pierre S. du Pont IV). And Alexander Haig. We're very, very excited.

Speaking of religious nuts (as we remain eager to do always), is the evangelist Oral Roberts dead yet? Last March, God gave Roberts exactly one year to raise \$8 million. The year is now up. Roberts said that if he fell short of that sum, he'd die. We knew about the wrathful God and we knew about the loving God, but until now we were unaware of the avenging comptroller God.

According to a poll commissioned by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, 30 to 50 percent of white American Protestants admit to views such as "Jews are more loyal to Israel than to the United States" and "Jews want to remain different from other people and yet they are touchy if people notice these differences." And 15 percent have yet to be convinced that the Holocaust occurred.

Which is just the kind of thing apt to make Jews *damned* touchy. As the horrid John Cardinal O'Connor discovered when he went to Israel and announced that the Holocaust was "an enormous gift that Judaism has given the world." A strange notion, but, well, we were taught it's the thought that counts. (And we bet you didn't even think to send a thank-you note—*Dear Jews: Thanks so much for your super, super gift. Every time we seek redemption, we'll think of you. Best, the World.*)

But the recent news hasn't been all bad for the Chosen People. The first Jewish Miss America has just become the first Jewish cultural affairs commissioner to (a) have an Italian-American tax evader in the construction industry for a boyfriend and (b) take the Fifth. Kudos, Bess. Stanley Friedman became the first New York political official indicted, convicted and indicted again in a single 12-month period. Kudos. And Robert Gottlieb became the first Jewish editor of *The New Yorker* and the first magazine editor in history whose employees have asked him to quit before he started work. We're very, very excited. ☺



RESTAURANT
FLORENT
IS NOW OPEN
24 HOURS

Photographs: UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (Myerson); Marina Gartner (Kemp, Shawa); Giffney's Island courtesy of CHS. Illustration courtesy of Culter Pictures, Inc.

DEAR EDITORS **M**y last trip home to Idaho, I took along the first issue of SPY to read on the long plane ride—the issue with the Pat Buckley mask. I had the bright idea of wearing the mask when I got home. Nothing much ever happens on the farm; they're all Norwegian and kind of quiet, so I thought they'd get a kick out of it. Of course, nobody in Idaho knows who Pat Buckley is, so the surprise kind of fell flat.

I returned to find the December issue in my mailbox. What a surprise to find my onetime boss, womanly Shirley Lord, in your Party Poop section. Gee, I guess that's why I live in New York and why I like SPY. (Did you know that Shirley Lord was the model for Miss Money Penny in the James Bond books? Honest!)

Rob Murphy
New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** note in the December issue ("Do Brats Have More Fun?") I am listed as a "brat godfather." Is this in the canonical or the organized crime sense? Or does it simply mean I am getting old? I like to know such things.

Good stuff so far; keep it lively.

James Brady
New York

DEAR EDITORS **S**PY is a magazine of great spirit and gusto. There's a real place for prose with an unsparing satirical edge—a magazine that does not pander to some Simmons-begotten composite of what editors think the typical reader is but, instead, presumes that the reader is intelligent, and that what interests the writers and editors will also interest the readers. Even though I no longer live in New York, I will keep abreast of the salient outrages of the city and get my monthly quota of high-energy guffaws through your magazine.

Barbara Wright
Denver, Colorado

DEAR EDITORS **I**t's been said that a strong aversion is often a sign of latent attraction. If you're so scornful of the New York glitterati, then why do you devote three-quarters of each issue to them? I have a feeling that some of you folks would really like to be counted among the glamour set but you're not quite sure how to get invited to their parties.

Elise J. Marton
New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** forgive you ["It Came From Chicago," December].

Oprah Winfrey
Chicago, Illinois

DEAR EDITORS **I** was quite pleased with your December issue of SPY, but I wish you would let Jonathan Dellheim know that I did not like the last sentence of his article "Holiday Super Bowl: Christmas vs. Chanukah." There are some of us Jewish people who love celebrating Chanukah, are proud to be Jewish and never wanted nor want to celebrate Christmas. (The rest of his article was good.)

Linda Jayne Simon
New York

DEAR EDITORS **C**ongratulations on the magazine; it's wonderful and I look forward to its arrival every month.

Jim Kelly's "Hollywood on the Hudson" was most enjoyable. I thought I'd add one New York movie that he omitted: *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, with Jack Lemmon, was shot on Second Avenue between 87th and 88th Streets.

K. Rucci
New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** laughed like a third-former to read Michèle Bennett's Review of Reviewers in your December issue, and I think she's very much on the right track. [However, while] I agree with Bennett that John Simon is quite ironically prone to semantic fuck-ups . . . Simon's use of *meiosis* and *mitosis* to describe *Mummschanz* is really pretty apt. The other point is Bennett's statement with regard to Pauline Kael's (admittedly absurd) scatological critique of *Peggy Sue Got Married*. Bennett writes: "Indeed, [Kael and other critics] seem fascinated with corporeal emissions." Having first counseled Bennett to look beyond dictionary definitions, here I advise her to look more carefully at what the dictionary has to say. The word *corporeal* simply means "material." Perhaps Bennett meant to write *corporal*, which means "bodily." Then again, maybe Bennett's usage should stand.

Thanks for a delightful third issue.

John Jainschigg
New York

DEAR EDITORS **T**he attacks you keep publishing on David Edelstein [in Review of Reviewers] are transparently meanspirited and misguided. They ought to be an embarrassment to you. Much of the magazine is indeed fresh and on occasion brilliant, but this constant harping on Edelstein, who most people seem to think is a pretty good critic, is nothing less than infantile.

Eric Alterman
Washington, D.C.

DEAR EDITORS **I**s it possible SPY will surface others besides myself who are the underground following of Ellis Weiner [How to Be a Grown-up]? The guy is nifty. Give him plenty of room. Make him do more.

Stanley P. Friedman
Yorktown Heights, New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** read SPY because I want to be with-it. I must confess that I was a little surprised when I read in your December issue ["The SPY Guide to Correct Pronunciation"] that my last name is pro-

LETTERS TO SPY

nounced *ān-'jel* (*ain-JELL*), when all my life I've been pronouncing it *'ān-juhl* (*AIN-juhl*)—as if it had wings, that is. Obviously, I've been wrong all this time, and so has everybody else in my family. Thanks for straightening us out.

Roger Angell
New York

SPY is pleased to have saved Mr. Angell and his family any further embarrassment. The editors regret, however, their error concerning Leonard Bernstein's surname; the correct pronunciation is BURN-stine. The editors also regret the misidentification of S. Christopher Meigher III ("Do Brats Have More Fun?") as the publisher of People. He used to be. He is now a Time Inc. group publisher. In the same issue, a photograph of a \$1,875 dress from the Gallery of Wearable Art was positioned by coincidence beneath a short article called "Window-Shopping: Seven Things No One Has Ever Bought." The juxtaposition was unintended, and SPY regrets any misunderstanding that may have resulted.

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime phone number. ☎

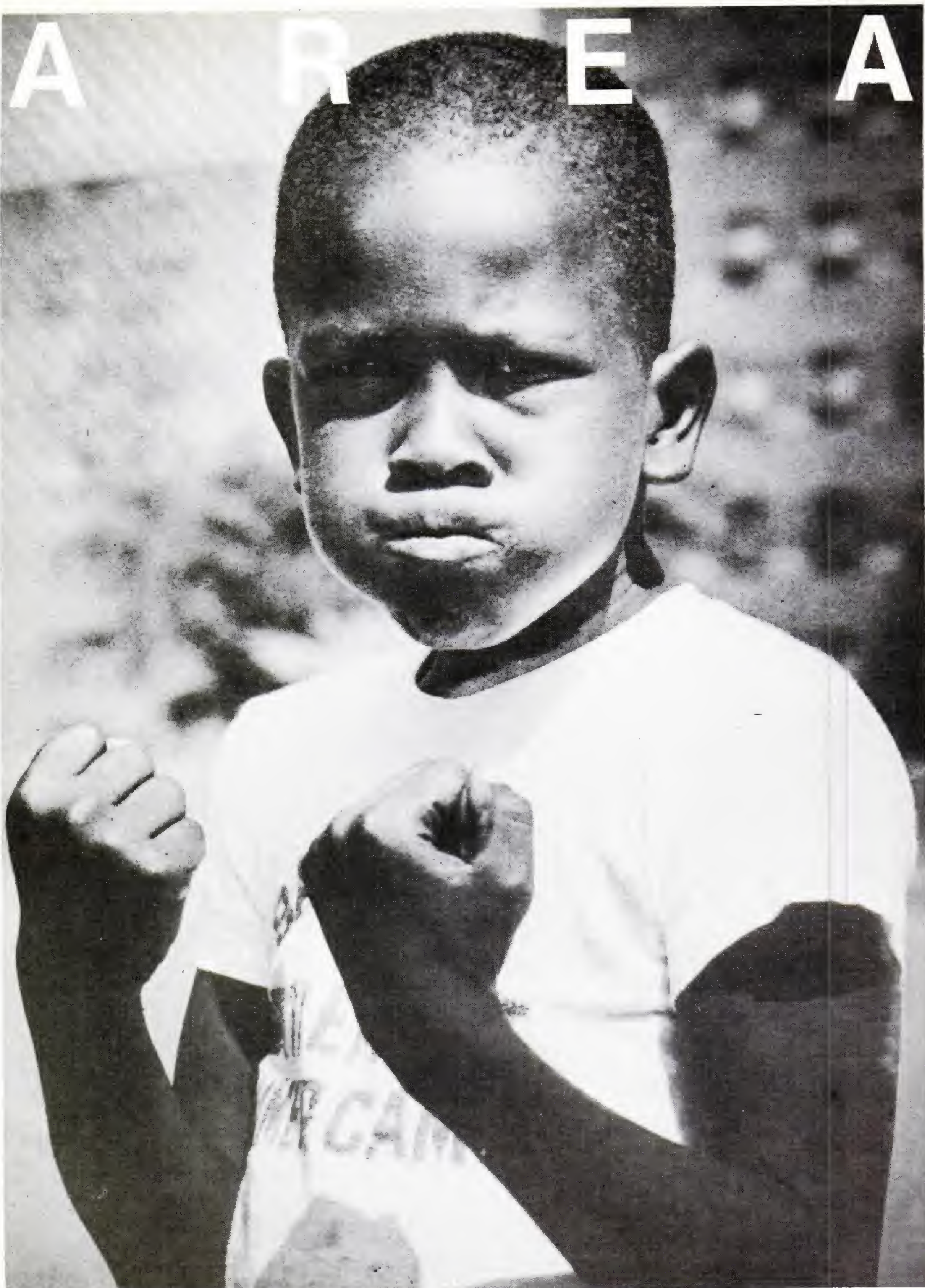


It has been reported to us that many SPY subscribers were treated rudely by dim-witted, meanspirited doormen at a Twelfth Avenue nightclub called the Tunnel.

SPY sincerely regrets any inconvenience suffered by any of our readers, particularly at the hands of dim-witted, meanspirited nightclub hirelings.

Indeed, we are eager to mollify any aggrieved subscriber with heartfelt apologies and valuable gifts. For your apology and gift, please call our Aggrieved Subscriber Hot Line: (212) 925-5385. ☎

A R E A



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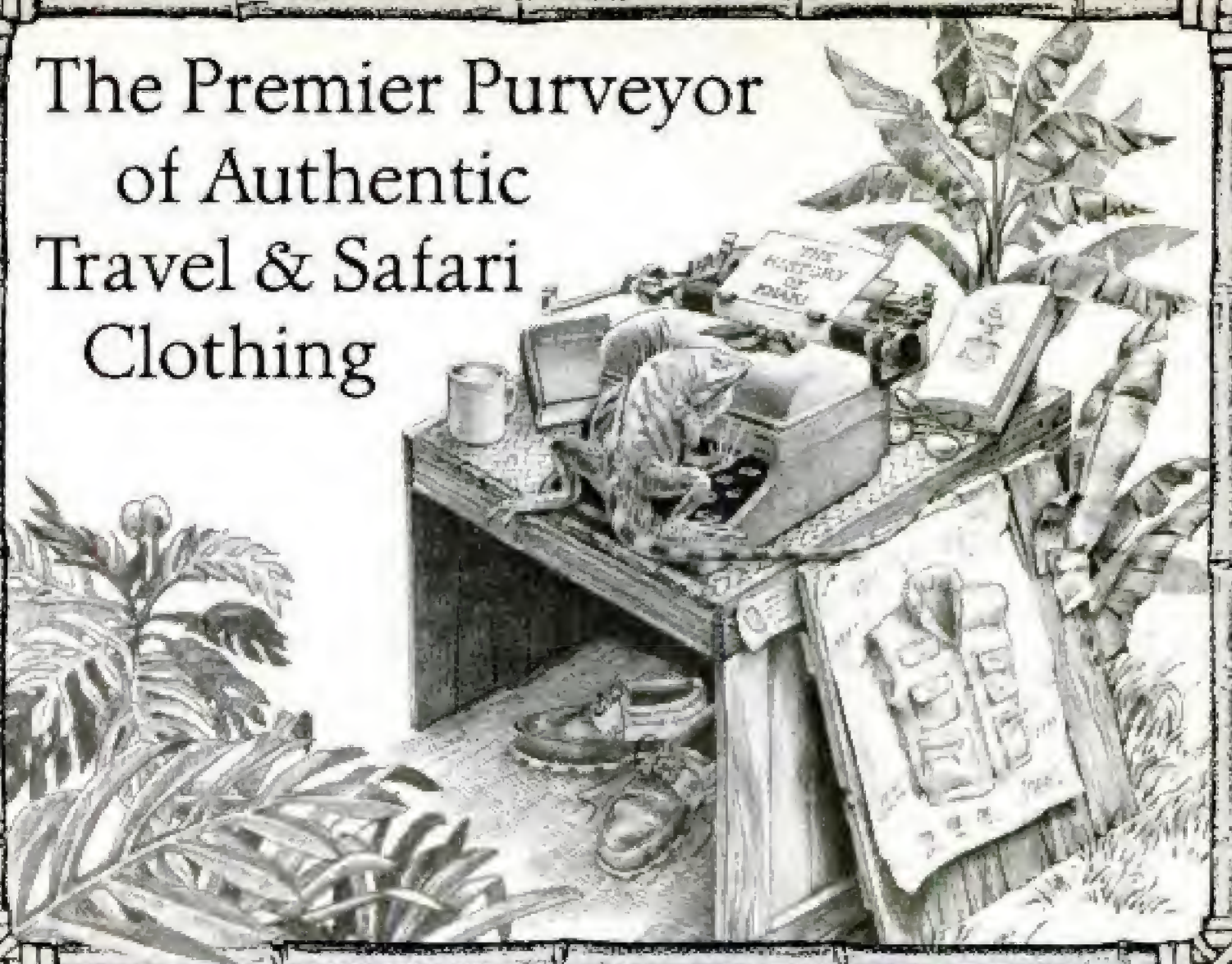
Michael Lee
INTERN



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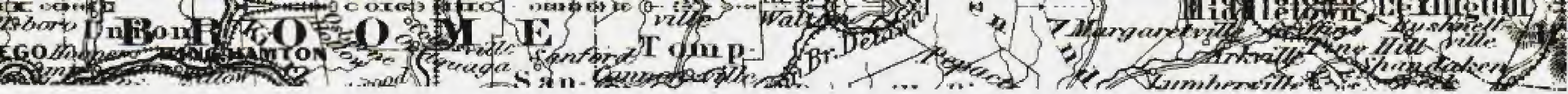
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THE FINE PRINT

(continued)

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MARCH DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

6-8 New York International Stamp Expo; at the Javits Center. One hundred thirty-five dealers, 16 governments represented, buying and selling, auctions. And the lines are probably shorter than at your post office.

10 Tama Janowitz lectures at the Singles Coffeehouse series (for singles under 40); at the Spanish-Portuguese Synagogue, 2 West 70th Street; 7:00-9:30 p.m.; \$8. It's come to this.

12 "The Three Branches of Government and the Separation of Powers." A panel discussion at the 92nd Street Y; with Walter Mondale and Ruth Bader Ginsburg; 8:00 p.m.; \$11.

15 Ides. Alternate-side-of-the-street parking rules remain in effect.

17 St. Patrick's Day. Again? For a parade even we could love, turn to page 64.

20 "Different Doorway: Adventures of a Caesarean Born"; at the New York Open Center, 83 Spring Street; 7:00-10:00 p.m.; \$25. A workshop of "lecture, slide illustrations, shamanic drumming and discussion." Did you know that "nearly 20% of all births are now caesarean, and . . . this different way of entering the world is associated [with] a somewhat different perspective on life"?

20 "Eggs on End: Standing on Ceremony." For the tenth year, people will gather at the exact moment of the equinox (10:56 p.m. this

year) to stand eggs up straight. For more information, call the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council at (212) 269-0320.

21 Spring Equinox Celebration; at the Open Center. "As the Earth sends forth new leaves to meet the increasing force of the sun"—stay with this—"how do we enable the renewed life of Earth to breathe through us?" This is the place to find out. Beginning at 8:00 p.m., you can "celebrate the triumph over darkness through group 'sacred dance,' accompanying music, guided meditation, and a closing, warmth-filled party."

22 Greek Independence Day Parade; Fifth Avenue. Or possibly the 29th—the date was uncertain at press time. Will the same sort of procrastination and organizational chaos that has apparently cost Greece a shot at hosting the 1996 Olympics keep this parade from starting on time? We shall see.

29 Last chance to see "On Tap: New York's Water Supply," an exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History.

29 "A Visit to the Matzah Factory." What could be more to the point? A pre-Passover field trip; meet at the 92nd Street Y.

30 The Academy Awards. People who swear each year that they'll never watch again will tune in, if only to observe Warren Beatty turning 50. (The broadcast should end before he turns 51.) ☺

IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE

The SPY Guide to Loser Nightlife

You've seen them on Saturday nights, the losers, killing time, waiting for it to be late enough that their doormen will think they've had a real night out on the town. Give them credit—at least they're not moping at home like us, trying to turn out ideas for some upstart magazine.

While real nightlife offers the illusion of potential sexual fulfillment, Loser Nightlife simply offers the illusion of nightlife. Losers won't go just anywhere, however. Their haunts must meet these exacting criteria: nonthreatening atmosphere; free admission; stuff to browse through or sip slowly; and proximity to a newsstand—if it is not a newsstand itself—for that Sunday *Times* nightcap.

In the spirit of it-takes-one-to-know-one, here's a list of time-tested Loser Nightlife hangouts.

DOWNTOWN

Sounds Jazz & Classical/Sounds Video (14 Stuyvesant Street). Records downstairs, video upstairs. Small-print liner notes on jazz records can keep you occupied for hours. Extra Loser Nightlife credit for: showing gory movies on the monitors upstairs to keep slumming "winners" away. Open until 10:00 p.m.

French Kisses (144 Bleecker Street). The Bleecker St. Cinema sanctions this perfume basement hangout. Check out: dozens of French *advertisements* for *Pink Floyd—The Wall*; hundreds of handbills announcing Antwerp dates for The Cure; jillions of *très* cute postcards. Open until 1:00 a.m.

Steve's Ice Cream (Sixth Avenue and 10th Street). The point of Steve's isn't the ice cream, it's the 45-minute wait in line, the ultimate in goal-oriented time wastage. This chain, originated in Boston, is popular with Manhattan's many, many Harvard losers, who spend the week too wrapped up in themselves to plan Saturday-night social outings. Open until 1:00 a.m.

Tower Classical Annex (Lafayette Street and East 4th Street). It's possible to avoid all human contact in this huge, cavernous space. Pete Seegeresque dads hunt for Brand X Bach while kids shop next door at the main store. Merchandise highlight: Vanguard cut-out section, featuring folkie never-weres and Charlton Heston reading *Exodus*. Open until midnight.

Veselka (9th Street and Second Avenue). Unlike typically frenetic coffee shops, Veselka is a congenial spot for conspicuous reading, the Loser Nightlife version of dressing to kill. Open until 2:00 a.m.

NOT DOWNTOWN

Coliseum Books (57th Street and Broadway). The kind of place where *Kenyon Review* outsells *Esquire*, this library-with-tunes is home base to perpetual grad students with strangely configured beards. Open until 11:30 p.m.

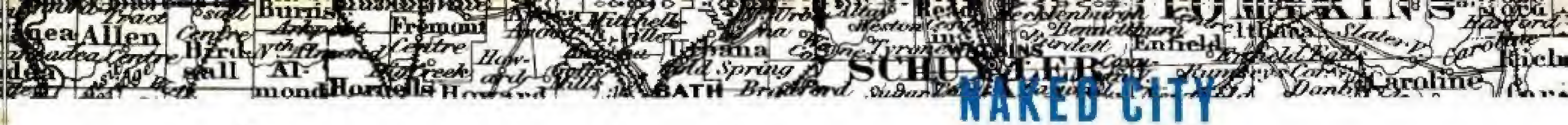
The Compact Disc (Second Avenue and 62nd Street). The big attraction here is a chair placed in the ideal-listening "diamond" between two speakers, where you can sit for minutes on end pretending to discern just why it is that digital technology is better than analog. Open until 10:00 p.m.

Shakespeare & Co. (Broadway and 81st Street). This full-price late-night book boîte specializes in signed paperback originals with back-cover reviews comparing said book to *Less Than Zero* and *Bright Lights, Big City*. Overheard: McInerneyesque conversations. Not overheard: cash register ringing up sales. Open until 12:30 a.m.

Tower Video (Broadway and 67th Street). Loser's revenge: watching couples fail to agree on a suitable choice for fast-fading Saturday night. Nice touch: electronic security gates force mean guards to frisk heavily bejeweled moms from Queens. Open until midnight.

Tower Records (Broadway and 66th Street). Uptown has a VH-1 feel, as opposed to downtown's MTV ambience. We like uptown for its multiscreen video display in a deserted basement. It's like a junior Palladium, and you can have it all to yourself—Loser Nightlife Nirvana. Open until midnight.

—Jack Barth and Bruce Handy



f

THE FINE PRINT

START MAKING SENSE

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

(continued)

THE WINE BAR

422 West Broadway

The first inspection revealed eight violations, including fresh and old mouse excreta in the basement, live flies in the basement kitchen, an inadequately ventilated kitchen, and dust- and grease-laden kitchen walls and ceiling. There were also paper violations: the last inspection report was unavailable, there was no WASH HANDS sign in the employees' lavatory and there was no alcohol-pregnancy poster on the premises. Six weeks later inspectors again found fresh mouse excreta, among other violations. And there were holes in the walls—holes, the inspectors figured, that might "provide rodent entry points."



HARD ROCK CAFE

221 West 57th Street

The first inspection revealed a dust-laden fan guard in the walk-in refrigerator, a grease-laden dumbwaiter, holes in the walls of the food preparation area, and live and dead roaches on the floor under the steps leading to the dry-storage room. Generally, extermination measures were held to be inadequate. On second inspection, holes and fresh and old mouse excreta were found on the floor of the food storage area. Also, there was uncovered garbage in the garbage storage area; remarkably, roaches and flies were found there as well.



THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT

Case No. 14156

Vic Miles (aka Victor Miles Levy) v. Collectors Cars Inc. Et Al.

On or about October 21, 1984, Miles, the Channel 2 reporter, bought a white 1959 Mercedes-Benz convertible from Collectors Cars Inc. of Freeport, Long Island. Assured that this was "a classic automobile," Miles put down \$8,000 toward a purchase price of \$15,000. After attempting to restore it, Miles discovered that the car had been stuffed and reinforced with "rags, 2" x 4" pieces of wood, and assorted trash." Miles claims he was "fraudulently induced to

Woody Allen is notorious for his attention to detail. During the shooting of *Radio Days* last winter, extras wore circa-1940s suspenders hidden beneath sweater, jacket and overcoat. And during the big USO dance scene in which Mia Farrow sings, the entire Savoy Manor Ballroom, at the Grand Concourse and 149th Street in the Bronx, was transformed. LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS posters were on the walls, and more than 100 extras in short haircuts and tight-fitting uniforms milled about. One group of ersatz GIs hung around the urinal in the men's room, spoiling for a brawl. Women in snoods sat sipping orange soda out of wartime bottles and remarking, "Boys are dying over there," and "Gosh—aren't these exciting times we're living in!" Admirals looked like admirals, Air Force officers like pilots. Marines, like idiots.

At one point the director stood playing with one of Farrow's kids in the center of the ballroom, then sat down to take in her song. GIs from central casting backed Farrow on piano and percussion. As the song ended, the director approached the stage. The actress, in a yellow dress, leaned forward. An extra decked out as a Navy seaman overheard some of their conversation:

ACTRESS: Maybe you're right. I—

DIRECTOR: You think so?

ACTRESS: I guess. I mean—

DIRECTOR: Yeah. I don't know. What do you think?

ACTRESS: Well, I—I—I don't know. I guess if you like the orange, I could—I could try it.

DIRECTOR: Yeah, uh . . .

ACTRESS: Do you think so?

DIRECTOR: Yeah, so why don't you—

She disappeared and returned in an orange dress and sang the song. After four takes, the extras were dismissed. Two weeks later everyone returned to shoot the scene again. Miss Farrow's dress was yellow.

—Hank Rosenfeld



Max Frankel . . .



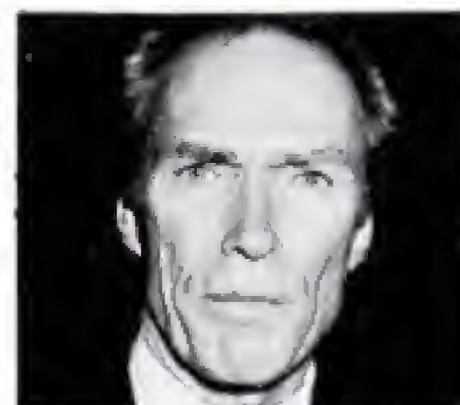
. . . and Tom Bosley?



Leona Helmsley . . .



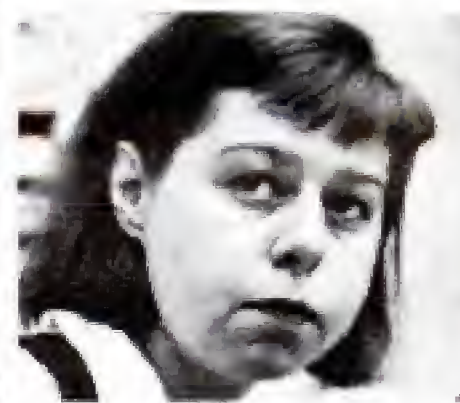
. . . and Liberace?



Clint Eastwood . . .



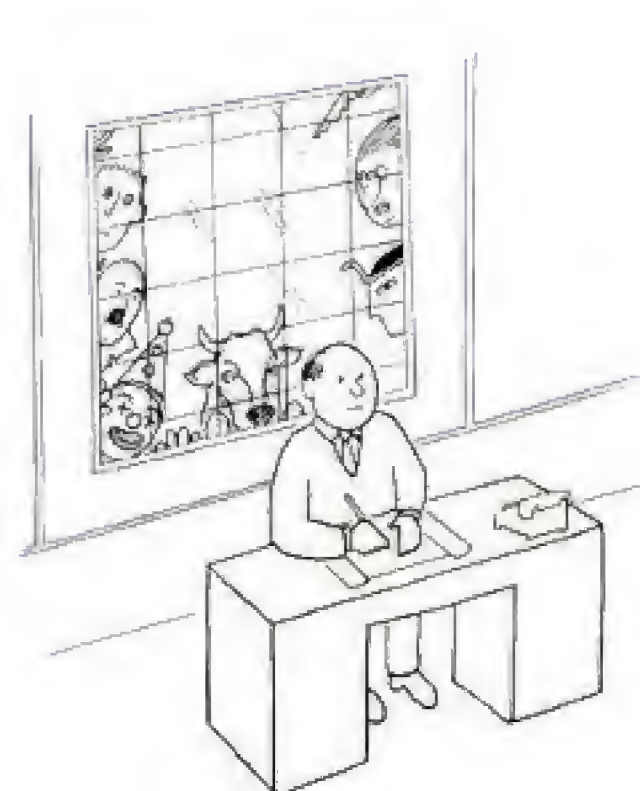
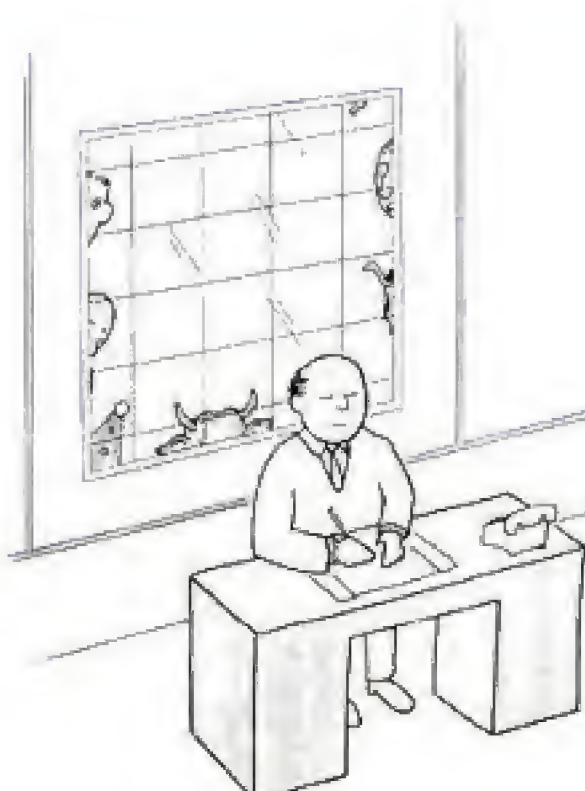
. . . and . . . ?



Carson McCullers . . .



. . . and Bob Geldof?



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORKER

DEAR BOB,

Berton Roueché begins his December 8 medical detective story by characterizing March 19, 1979, as Friday. As the world turned in 1979, the nineteenth of March was in fact-checked fact a Monday. How am I to rely on you for knowledge of calcium disodium ethylenediaminetetraacetic acid if you can't tell me what day it is?

Stephen Landes
New York

The New Yorker acknowledges the error. But you're probably on solid ground with the calcium disodium ethylenediaminetetraacetic acid. By the way, Robert Gottlieb wasn't editor when this article was published.

DEAR BOB,

One of the many things I respect about your magazine is that it is one of the few that do not accept cigarette advertising. It takes a lot of guts to decline that much advertising revenue for the sake of integrity. It was with disappointment, then, that I found what is essentially a two-page ad for Philip Morris in the December 29 issue (pages 56-57).

Albert Norton
New York

The ad is for a touring exhibition of American crafts, sponsored by Philip Morris. The New Yorker has for some time accepted this type of tobacco company advertising but still does not take—as this issue of SPY went to press, at any rate—cigarette ads. By the way, Robert Gottlieb wasn't editor when the ad was run.

DEAR BOB,

What's the big idea? Since when does *The New Yorker* print cartoons depicting lascivious joggers with indiscreet erections? I'm totally grossed out. Cancel my subscription!

Sam Johnson
Brooklyn, New York

The cartoon, by George Price, appears on page 25 of the July 21, 1986, issue of The New Yorker. By the way, Robert Gottlieb wasn't editor when this cartoon was published.

DEAR BOB,

When my husband and I bought our house in Cape Cod last year, we found the bathroom walls had been papered in old covers of your magazine. Can you tell us how to remove them without damaging the plaster underneath?

Mrs. W. McCabe III
Sharon, Connecticut

The New Yorker wallpaper expert at Janovic Plaza recommends DIF wallpaper stripper, in two gallons of water for especially tough jobs. An alternative is to steam the things off. By the way, Robert Gottlieb wasn't editor when those covers were glued to the walls.

SPY welcomes letters to the editor of *The New Yorker*. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. We regret that correspondence addressed to "Dear Mister Shawn" cannot be forwarded. ☺

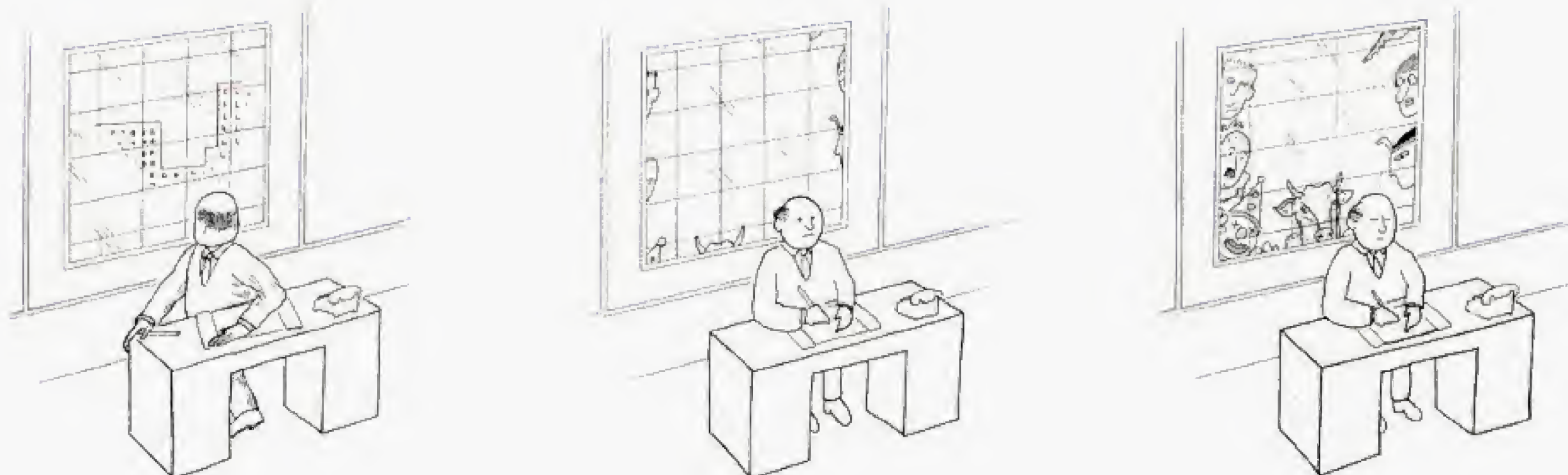
f
THE FINE PRINT

(continued)

pay for a vehicle which was not the 'classic' in the condition represented." Miles further claims the car was "dangerous, hazardous, wholly unsafe, and trap-like" and says rugs, wood and plastic covered up rust and a deteriorated body. Miles is suing for actual and punitive damages in the amount of \$10,050,000. The defense has countered by asking Miles to be more specific about his allegations, defining conditions and specifying times and places they were noticed. No trial date has been set.

Case No. 09755

Eileen Collins, Susanne Doris, Carol Toman, Judith Little, Rose Anne Woolsey, Pauline Achilles, Carol Beatty, Catherine Beatty, Prudence Gray, Dottie Belle, Pamela Stacey, Kerri Pearsall, Terry Spano, and Cynthia Hughes v. Dancer Fitzgerald Sample Inc. The plaintiffs are Rockettes. In September 1984 they signed a contract with Dancer Fitzgerald Sample to appear in ads for L'eggs panty hose. They say the contract was for one year but that the ads were used longer, most notably in an advertisement on display in the main concourse of the Port Authority Bus Terminal. They are suing for damages of \$25,000 each. (They ought to do better: spending extra time at Port Authority, even in effigy, ought to be worth lots more.) ☺



THE BLOTTER

SPECTATOR SPORTS

PICK-HIT CRIMINAL TRIALS

The public is welcome to attend the following trials, which are likely to get under way soon. The court calendar and trial particulars are always subject to change, of course, so call the appropriate information number for details.

Anthony "Fat Tony" Salerno. Salerno has already been convicted of racketeering. This new trial involves bid rigging in the construction industry and "illegal influence" in Teamsters elections. March 30. U.S. District Court, 40 Foley Square. Judge Lowe presiding. For information, (212) 791-1140.

Bernhard Goetz. Goetz is charged with attempted murder and assault for shooting four youths in the subway in December 1984. He has pleaded not guilty. No date set at press time. Manhattan Supreme Court, Room 830, 111 Centre Street. Judge Crane presiding. For information, (212) 553-9400.

Robert Chambers. Chambers has pleaded not guilty to the murder of Jennifer Levin last August in Central Park. May 4. Manhattan Criminal Court, Room 1317, 100 Centre Street. Judge Bell presiding. For information, (212) 553-9400.

Revillon Inc. The furriers are charged with tax evasion—changing records to make it look as if merchandise were being sent out of state. March 23. Manhattan Criminal Court, Room 1306, 100 Centre Street. Judge Scott presiding. For information, (212) 553-9400.

SPY's unofficial, highly selective account of incidents to which the New York City Police Department's specially trained rescue units responded during the five-week period ending January 20. Quotes are the police dispatchers'.

DEUS EX MACHINA

• Queens—"unverified report of a man sucked up by a tree-pruning machine"

EVERYONE'S A CRITIC

"Can anyone advise the code for repairing a vehicle on the highway?" "Yeah . . . 'Stupid' "

(WILD) LIFE IN RURAL NEW YORK

• Queens—"animal condition, private house"
• Queens—"large snake in basement of private house"
• Queens—"wild animals running around parking lot"
• Queens—"loose cows"

LINE OF DUTY

SPY staff member Amy Stark was recently deflected in a southwesterly direction by an emergency-bound three-wheel police scooter headed south on north-running Lafayette Street (Stark was crossing with the light). Her hip was bruised; there are no job openings at SPY at this time.

—Ann C. Mathers



THE SPY TRIP TIP: CHINATOWN'S GODZILLA

Deep in the fishy labyrinths of Chinatown is a video arcade with a famous twist. Here you can pit your wits against—or dance with—a chicken. Just upstairs, though, is the dusty and arcane Chinese Museum, where you can learn stuff and meet a scary dragon.

Downstairs, amid the relentless video game cacophony, a lively tune prompts a chicken—"humanely trained by the reward system"—into a spastic jig when you drop in 50 cents. A defensive placard explains (as if spoken by the twirling chirper herself): I LIKE MY WORK. I'M NOT BORED. BUT I'M NOT OVERWORKED EITHER. I wish I could say that, you'll think to yourself. For another 50 cents, you can battle "Bird Brain," the sleepy hen who plays ticktacktoe. Who can resist Bird Brain's challenge: SHE'S NOT CHICKEN, ARE YOU?

Now that you've had a taste of Chinese culture, you're ready for full immersion at the Chinese Museum. But first you have to pry the cashier from his *Daily News* and get him to take you upstairs and unlock the door. He'll try to dissuade you by charging \$1.50; it's not like the Metropolitan, where you can pay what you wish. After he finds someone to fill in for him, you're on your way. He'll sit down for a smoke and watch you warily until you leave.

The faded exhibits trace dynastic history and celebrate Chinese contributions to the world. Once you've taken it all in, face the electronic quizmaster:

"Every American boy loves to fly kites. Who invented them?"

a) Chinese b) Americans

"Of the thousands of juveniles arrested in New York City in 1970, how many were Chinese?" a) 1/100 b) 1/1000

"Where is the capitol of the Republic of China located?" a) Taiwan b) Peking

To cap this riot of educational fun, wake the attendant and ask him to show you . . . the dragon. In a little side room, the creaky, 15-foot Godzilloid is revved up. The plaster master of disaster roars, bobs his head, wiggles his toes and shoots out his tongue . . . and his eyes light up. "Had enough?" the attendant's plaintive eyes seem to be saying, his hand poised on the plug. "You need quarter for Q*bert?"

—Jack Barth

Chinese Museum & Chinese Dragon, 8 Mott Street.

CITIES OF GOLD
• (R) 3 hrs., 15 min.
965) A sprawling, melodramatic lives of Navy men and p in the chaos of Jap Harbor. John Wayne, Glas.
• RABBI OKOLICA review

• (R) 2 hrs.
• (1936) Tarzan is taken game hunter who wants to t in England. Johnny Weiss-Sullivan.

• & THE MOVIES
• favorite films available on

• IECTICUT
• Comedy (R)
• CC—Drama; 60 min.
• ills.
• EK IN REVIEW (CC)

• 60 min.
• LTURA; 60 min.
• SHALL LEAD THEM
• —Louis Rukoyser
• —Baptist; 60 min.

close up

Proposed Movie of the Month

9 PM SPY TV

IRWIN ALLEN'S NEW YEAR'S NIGHTMARE

A glamorous San Juan resort hotel on New Year's Eve is the backdrop for this gripping, true-life drama in the tradition of *The Towering Inferno* and *Fantasy Island*. The plot centers on the disruptive strife between a hotel owner and his employees that tragically leads to holiday arson. Dick Van Patten and Shelley Winters (playing tourists Wally and Gloria Johnson) headline a star-studded cast that features Ricardo Montalban as hotel owner Juan Botero and Charo as his wife, Dolly. Union leader Jose Delgado; Miguel Pinero. Pepe "Gas Can" Guerrero; Herve Villechaize. Federal agent Joe Hardwick; Earl Holliman. The exotic international cast also includes: Chita Rivera, Erik Estrada, Desi Arnaz Jr., Lorenzo Lamas and newsman Geraldo Rivera as himself. (3 hrs.)



206 WEST 23rd ST.



T H E T I M E S

As we go to press, late-breaking developments at the *Times* make it imperative that I shelve my exclusive interview with staff reporter Vartanig G. Vartan. I feel especially bad about this because Vartan, as you might imagine, would have been funny. Unfortunately, that is not the case with the subject I must instead deal with: it is my profound suspicion that Abe Rosenthal is no longer with us. I am further convinced that he has died of you-know-what. His death went unreported in the *Times*, of course, because of the newspaper's policy about not reporting you-know-what as a cause of death. It would appear that his longtime companion, Arthur Gelb, has worked valiantly over the last several months to cover up this news, but the strain plainly has been too much. I deduced this news in the course of checking around with my sources about the new Rosenthal column on the Op-Ed page of the *Times*, entitled On My Mind. Right from the start I could tell that this was not the prose of the Abe Rosenthal I knew.

The first clue that something was amiss came in a house ad in early January that reported that Rosenthal "was a *New York Times* reporter, Pulitzer-winning foreign correspondent and editor for 40 years . . . [and] expects to write a *New York Times* column for another 40 years." This may just be an example of the wildly hyperbolic humor that has long been a hallmark of the *Times*. They're a nutty bunch, those guys in *Times* promotion, and I wouldn't put anything past them. Because if this Rosenthal plan came true, he would be writing his farewell column at the age of 105. That would make him the second-oldest columnist in *Times* history, after Washington columnist James Reston.

I was not at all prepared for how feebly Rosenthal's posthumous ghostwriter would perpetuate the illusion that the franchise is still alive. In the very first column—plaintively headlined PLEASE READ THIS COLUMN!—the Gelb coconspirator faltered when he explained why Rosenthal's byline was A. M. rather than Abraham. The reason given was that "long ago" an editor found his first name "was not quite, or maybe too quite." This impenetrable circumlocution appeared to hint at what readers of *The Kingdom and the Power* already knew: in bygone days, *Times* editors

regularly changed bylines that sounded too Jewish, the way studio heads once did the names of their stars. The rest of the READ THIS COLUMN! column wavered uneasily between further un-Abelike folksiness (his conversation with the carpenter who was retrofitting his office—space that used to be occupied, as it happens, by Rosenthal victim Sydney Schanberg) and the more characteristic A.M. Anglomania (as when he referred to Gorbachev as a smoother "chap" than his predecessors).

Subsequent columns have done little to dispel my theory. Rosenthal was a great man whose death was all too untimely, and I think it only fitting that Mr. Gelb allow the former executive editor a proper send-off. It is disquieting to see him being kept artificially "alive."

ALL THE NEWS WE FIT, THEY PRINT

In lieu of exercising their own news judgment, network news organizations and newsweeklies routinely crib from what the *Times* deems important, but *The Wall Street Journal* carries this parasitic behavior too far. It is both a little sad and a little charming that each weekday evening at around nine-thirty, a *Journal* minion dutifully hops in a taxi and makes the trip uptown to the *Times* building on West 43rd Street, where he or she buys several of the earliest available copies of the next morning's paper, scans them for news concerning stories reported in the next day's *Journal* and then, from a phone in the *Times* lobby, reports in to his or her Dow Jones taskmasters with any necessary "updates" from the competition.

MAX HEADBROOM

In last month's column I commented that the headlines seem to have grown larger under new executive editor Max Frankel. One of my moles at the *Times* informs me that quite the reverse is true. Headlines have gotten smaller, and in the new Metropolitan News section the type point sizes have even been reduced. And speaking of reduction, have you noticed the incredible shrinking daily Agenda column? When he redesigned the old "new" Metropolitan News section, John Vinocur, the unpopular former Metro editor, assigned two of his top reporters—Suzanne Daley and Jane

Gross—to assemble Agenda. These days the section is sometimes only one pathetic item. It seems that Frankel is fixing to get rid of it altogether. (He has already broomed the two columns of wire service stories, Around the Nation and Around the World.)

FAMILY TIES

Deirdre Carmody, wife of special assistant to the executive editor and former unpopular Metro editor Peter Millones, did some exhaustive reporting for a Metro section story on the co-op conversion of Lincoln Towers. Carmody, the only Metro reporter who works just three days a week, included in her story quotes from (and a photograph of) Shira Dicker, who is known around the *Times* as the wife of a Metro religion reporter, Ari L. Goldman.

BLACK AND WHITE AND RED ALL OVER

Many of us who have friends at the *Times* had to ring in the New Year without them. Mindful of Howard Beach (and the *Times's* own fibbertigibbet coverage of the resulting fallout), Arthur "Remember Watts!" Gelb had close to a hundred reporters and editors on hand New Year's Eve, prepared to cover the all-out race war that he imagined would erupt in Times Square.

BUSCH LEAGUE

On the front page of Business Day, the *Times* ran a story datelined Cape Cod and carrying no byline. It told the charming success story of the small, locally owned company that produces Cape Cod Potato Chips the old-fashioned way. The reporter quoted several experts on entrepreneurial ventures and concluded that this potato chip maker had figured out the perfect formula for making money and staying independent.

A couple of weeks later, the *Times's* Corrections section (under the spirited guidance of Allan Siegal, former news editor and a new assistant managing editor) offered the following: "In an earlier edition, it was incorrectly inferred [*sic*] that Cape Cod potato chips was a privately-owned entrepreneurial company. In fact, the company is a wholly-owned subsidiary of Anheuser-Busch Inc." In other words, never mind. Bye.

—Miles Archer

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MAGAZINE

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Use us to reach active New York—call 212 627-7040.



So
You're
Going
to

These days, everybody who's anybody is breaking the law. As a potential prison inmate, you should consider your options ahead of time. KURT ANDERSEN shows you the ropes



PRISON

A SPY Consumer Guide for Inside Traders, Wise Guys, White House Iranscam Operators, Parking Violations Bureau Officials, Perjurers, Tax Cheats and Other Very Important People on the Go



IT USED TO BE

that your personal choices had some heft. Figuring out where to go to college, how to earn a living or whom to marry were large decisions with consequences that really mattered. But now, with the approach of middle age, the important choices have all been made already. All that's left to you now are a few petty preferences. You decide formats (VHS or 8mm), colors (regular tortellini or green), diapers (Pampers or cloth) and publishers for your memoirs (a vanity press or Knopf), and then you die.

Unless along the way you commit a crime. Everyone seems to be doing it. Consider Dennis Levine and Ivan Boesky and Geoffrey Lindenauer. Consider John Gotti. Consider the White House National Security Council staff. Some of them, surely, will actually spend time in

prison. America has 504,000 of its citizens in prison, and a few thousand more shuffle in every week.

Every prospective inmate *ought* to devote the same kind of research and planning to prison as he does to his choice of college, spouse or IRA investment vehicle. But in all likelihood he does not. Most people sent to prison just go where they're told. They don't consult experts or attend the annual American Correctional Association congress. They don't pore over prison pamphlets with their wives. (Only 4 percent of prisoners are women.) Moreover, the typical convict makes not even a perfunctory attempt to find out which of the country's hundreds of prisons might best suit his incarceration life-style.

All prisons are unpleasant. But some are just sad and have a disinfectant stench, while others are grotesque. It pays to know how to tell which is which before your time comes.

"JUST WHAT ARE MY CHANCES OF GOING TO PRISON?"

AS YOU PAUSE TO CONTEMPLATE your well-behaved life in the slow lane, maybe the prospect of spending time behind bars seems remote. You don't think you need to know about prisons. But it's conceivable that one day, in a cuckolded fury, you will bludgeon someone to death. Or you might turn no more rotten than John Dean. And what if they decided to lock up all agnostics? Or everyone who scored over 600 on their SATs? Those unauthorized long-distance calls you've made from your office, just for starters, could get you *three years*.

In fact, the average American is much more likely to go to prison than to travel to South America, and likelier to be murdered behind bars than to win a million dollars in a lottery. Better to consider what's in store right now than to come to your senses too late—cuffed to a guard in the back of a Chevy van in South Carolina, heading for the Parris Island Marine Corps prison—when your cries ("Wait! There's been a terrible mistake!") will only make it worse.

Rudimentary prefelony planning can mean the difference between a passable prison stint and a nightmare. Most criminals are hotheads or dummies or both. *This is where you have an advantage.* Most criminals imagine, with the blind faith of high-stakes gamblers, that they will never be caught. The down-side risk of committing a crime—prison—hardly figures into their calculations. Instead, crimes tend to be impulsive fast breaks. Criminal blueprints are seldom more detailed than "(1) Wave gun; (2) Take money; (3) Get away quick." A pity, since it is in choosing his particular crime and where to commit it that the perpetrator could exercise the greatest control over his prison future.

Architecture buffs think Leavenworth is tops—the big rotunda and polished brass are spiffy!



"WHERE SHOULD I COMMIT MY CRIMES?"

FOR ANY WOULD-BE INMATE, some fundamental choices are obvious. Most states are softer on nonviolent thieves than on armed muggers. At last count in Utah and Arkansas, however, almost two-thirds of the inmates had been arrested for committing property crimes such as burglary and auto theft. With this in

mind, eliminate Salt Lake City and Little Rock from your short list of venues for a breaking-and-entering career.

Canny corporations set up shop in Delaware for arcane legal reasons. Cocaine dealers should move there, too—the first-offense sentence for possession of a half ounce or less is a \$3,000 fine. Why don't crooks converge on Nevada, where the conviction rate is staggeringly low? As a matter of fact, they apparently do: despite the low conviction rate, Nevada has a larger fraction of its population behind bars than any other state. And if a twice-convicted felon intended to forge some checks, why on earth would he choose to write them on the RepublicBank Dallas, when in Texas any third felony at all can get him a *life term* picking cotton and building culverts?

Minnesota, on the other hand, practically invites criminals to plan ahead. The state's system of "sentencing guidelines," which went into effect several years ago, reeks of Scandinavian reasonableness. Before he ever saws off his shotgun or interviews getaway-driver applicants, a Minnesota outlaw can consult a handy chart published by state authorities and figure out his likely sentence. The chart is a grid. Using it is hardly more complicated than finding the distance between two cities on a mileage chart. Along the vertical axis, crimes are lumped into ten categories according to seriousness, with murder at the bottom. The horizontal axis provides for a criminal-history score. Where the lines meet is the prison sentence. Let your fingers do the litigating. A fresh burglary after two earlier convictions: 18 months' probation. Armed robbery but an otherwise clean record: two years in jail.

Minnesota also has a nice variety of prisons. It is reassuring to know that there are alternatives. Every crook in Mississippi, by contrast, faces the grim certainty that he will wind up in the little town of Parchman, where the state puts just about everybody, in one enormous penitentiary. Up the river in genial Minnesota, you might do that kind of classic hard time at the Stillwater penitentiary, but with luck you will be checked into the sleek, energy-efficient bunkers in Oak Park Heights, a cluster of 52-man penal condos with automatic doors, interesting angles and lots of video devices. And for just 60 lucky stiffies in Minnesota there is a minimum-security glade called Willow River Camp. It costs the state about \$500 a week per prisoner, everything included.

So choose jurisdictions carefully. New York, for instance, has two bona fide icons (Attica and Sing Sing) and more than a score of other full-fledged men's prisons. But if all you want is the widest possible range of destinations, the trick is to commit an unequivocally federal crime, such as violating securities law or denting an MX nose cone or selling mink-spit-based cancer

Prison is like summer camp—except the government picks up the tab!



Spending time behind bars may seem unlikely. But that's what Dennis Levine and Carl Andre and Oliver North thought too. And what if they decided to lock up all agnostics? Or everyone who scored over 600 on their SATs?

cures through the mail. The federal government operates no fewer than 43 prisons, from concrete-block bungalows in the country to downtown skyscrapers. (That's not even counting the Air Force's 3320th Correction and Rehabilitation Squadron—such a terrific premise for a Bill Murray movie—and the dozens of other briggs and "confinement facilities" where servicemen are kept.) You could do a lot worse than to pull 18 months for embezzlement at one of the six federal prison camps. They resemble rural Bible colleges, and buggery is often not compulsory.

"WHICH PRISONS ARE THE MOST FUN?"

WITHIN ANY ONE STATE, and even within the orderly federal system, prisons are idiosyncratic, each with its peculiar rites and special emotional tenor. Generalizations are risky. Sure, all prison officials seem to have uncommonly wonderful names—Cecil, Virgil, Vernon, Bud. And from a distance, prison is reminiscent of summer camp, lonely and boring and overscheduled: swim at 11:00 a.m., eat potatoes at 12:30 p.m., lights out at 10:00 p.m. (Indeed, going to summer camp or prison costs about the same, generally between \$200 and \$400 a week—only with prison, of course, the government picks up the tab.)

But the subtlest differences between prisons loom large once you're on the inside. So while it makes sense to plan crimes by taking into account general factors, such as a state's sentencing severity and its diversity of prisons, the really ambitious inmate will also aim to get into a particular institution.

Which one? That depends on *you*. Historic-preservation buffs might find the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth appealing: the 90-year-old building has a gorgeous Victorian-style rotunda—the Big Top—and polished brass fittings everywhere. Yet Leavenworth is never quiet. In Illinois, Stateville prison has intriguing round cellblocks based on a design by the philosopher Jeremy Bentham, and what's more, the authorities there have been great about granting time off for good behavior. On the other hand, your chances of dying while accumulating all those bonus days are pretty high. In Texas the food is fresh and plentiful, but that's because most of it is raised by prisoners on prison farms, and new inmates are first assigned to hot, dusty fieldwork. It all depends on the trade-offs you're willing to accept. Florida has a facility that was called the Niceville Road Prison; in Texas there is a prison named Jester; and in both states tanning opportunities are great. But Florida accounts for more inmate deaths than any other state, and almost nobody escapes from prison in Texas.

"HOW CAN I LEARN MORE?"

FORTUNATELY, THERE ARE objective criteria that can help. Since the 1970s, the American Correctional Association (ACA), a trade group for prison officials, has published a paperback manual of precise standards for prisons. Unfortunately, adherence to the standards is

voluntary. For instance, the ACA says that prison cells should all be singles and under no circumstances smaller than 60 square feet, but your chances of snagging such a cell are uncertain. And it won't improve your lot if, in your disappointment, you wave the ACA standards manual and threaten the warden and guards with disciplinary proceedings.

IN TEXAS, WHICH HAS 36,682 people in prison, the Department of Corrections has had to jam thousands of men into ratty canvas-and-plywood tents. Despite the attraction of sharing confidences with roommates, however, you will definitely want assignment to a prison where double and triple occupancy is not part of the deal. Cell sizes can vary twofold within one prison.

You will probably not be allowed to select your cellmate; prisons have yet to implement questionnaires ("*Smoking or nonsmoking? Prefer show tunes, hip-hop or horrid grunting noises?*") as a means of making congenial matches. He will probably be young (the average age is 28 in state prisons, 33 in federal prisons), and he will probably be white. In addition to older inmates, federal pens are apt to have, in the words of one former Leavenworth warden, "a much higher class of criminal." But again, the demographics vary wildly from prison to prison, and in the few federal joints—such as Manhattan's high-rise Metropolitan Correctional Center, convenient to Wall Street and the fashionable shops and restaurants of TriBeCa—there are both hit men and mere embezzlers.

Although federal facilities in general are less violent, a correspondent of ours in protective custody at a North Carolina prison hospital ("*There are very dangerous lifers here who will kill anyone*") disabused us of the notion that federal prisoners have it easy. "[I] was stabbed seven times in the left lung and stomach," he writes from North Carolina, "via an unknown inmate in Atlanta Fed. Pen 1976. . . . In 1962 in a Penna. Fed. prison I was beat badly with a 3-foot iron pipe via inmate. In 1971 was beat bad and knocked out via inmate Fed. p. Kans."

Most prison guards do get their kicks from control. With any luck, however, the guards' scrutiny will extend to that inmate who is itching to kill you because you creased his Richie Rich comic book. The prisons that hop, such as San Quentin (where you can make out with your visitors), or Stateville in Illinois (where you can paint murals on corridor walls), are usually more dangerous. In 1984 in San Quentin, 9 out of 3,500 inmates were murdered; the next year in Texas, where there are 10 times as many inmates, there were

"WILL I GET ALONG WITH MY CELLMATES?"

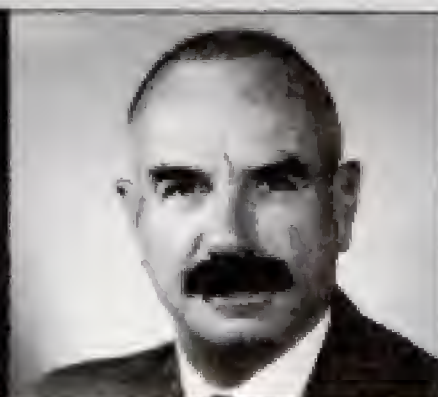
Commit a federal crime, such as denting an MX nose cone or selling mink-spit-based cancer cures.



LIFE-STYLE BEHIND BARS:

FIVE HANDY PRISON TIPS

BY
G. GORDON
LIDDY



Author-lecturer-wiretapper G. Gordon Liddy spent over four years in prison for his Watergate crimes. Incarceration is, he says, "an occupational hazard." During those years, he spent time in nine facilities all over the country. Liddy recently spoke to SPY from Scottsdale, Arizona, and offered would-be jailbirds the following advice.

ON SURVIVING

Learn how to keep your mouth shut. Opening your mouth—or someone else opening his mouth—probably got you in trouble in the first place, so you should have figured this one out by now.

Learn how to fight, if you haven't already. But bear in mind:

- There's no such thing as a fair fight in prison.
- Anything you can find handy to use as a weapon, use it on *him* before he uses it on you. For example, the ringer handle on top of a wash bucket is an excellent weapon. If there's nothing available, try a backhand blow across the windpipe, which causes it to swell and choke the individual.

Never trust any guard, and that means everyone from the lowest rookie to the warden.

ON RELATIONSHIPS

There's no difference inside prison, except the factor of confinement accelerates the development of interpersonal relations to a remarkable degree—good or bad. It might take three months for a situation to reach flash point outside of prison. Inside, that same situation might reach flash point in one day. The problem must also be resolved that day, or one of you won't wake up in the morning.

ON ENTERTAINMENT

You are allowed to purchase a small AM/FM radio from the commissary. You can have that on, but my advice to you is to keep it low so you don't disturb the others. They will not appreciate it if you don't. If the fellow you annoy is a lifer, he *might* ask you to turn it down the first time. The next time, he will throw the radio off the tier. The third time, he will throw you off the tier. ☹

only two and a half times as many homicides. You ought to try to get into a prison that's run as much as possible by the book.

"WHAT IF I GET LONELY..."

MOST PRISONS THESE DAYS let you write and phone whomever you want, though Florida officials read outgoing mail to censor "inaccurate statements that are intended for defamation of character without cause." At the Dwight women's prison in Illinois, inmates can have visitors twice a week and chat with and touch as many as six for six hours at a time. At the Ellis prison in Texas there is no touching, ever. An inmate in Florida is routinely allowed just one visit a week, only on weekends and only by a family member. Further, for women visiting the Florida State Prison, the rule sheet warns that "extremely short skirts are not considered appropriate dress," and if a guard decides a skirt is slatternly, the visitor will be "offered a gown to wear during the visit." Conjugal visits are permitted, typically once or twice a year, in about a dozen states.

**The good news:
in Texas there
is a prison
named Jester.
The bad news:
almost nobody
escapes.**



"...OR FEEL COOPED UP?"

ESCAPE IS NOT SO FAR-fetched as you probably imagine. About 1 in 100 American inmates breaks out every year. If that option is important to you, Tennessee and North Carolina are good bets in the South, as are Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont up north. During one recent year, 30 of Vermont's 579 prisoners made it over the wall.

IN EVERY PRISON LARDER, it seems, there's plenty of white hominy in cans (six pounds nine ounces) the size of artillery pieces. Bowls and dishes are called serving ware, a lot of it made of green or tan plastic reinforced with chopped cotton cloth. At best, prison food is extremely hearty. Texas prisons, with their 100,000 acres of farmland, may provide the heartiest menus of all. One day not long ago you could have eaten oatmeal with warm cane syrup, stewed fruit, ham and eggs, Salisbury steak with gravy, mashed potatoes, spinach, pinto beans, corn, beet salad, cheese, cobbler, corn bread and hot rolls, soup, a cheeseburger, fries, mustard greens, sauerkraut and cake.

"...OR HUNGRY?"

"...OR
BORED?"

YOU WILL PROBABLY NOT be able to earn a good living in prison, but working is encouraged. The pay ranges from about \$1.50 an hour to nothing. At Leavenworth, inmate computer operators tackle data-pro-

cessing projects for the federal bureaucracy or make bureaucrat's furniture. In Texas a particularly coveted job in Huntsville is cleaning the corrections commissioner's spittoon. Honest.

Or you can go to school. A large fraction of prisons have arranged for local colleges to hold classes for inmates. A favorite of ours was at Dwight in Illinois: Sociology 250, Criminology. There is, in fact, plenty to do in prison. Stateville prisoners have performed *Mister Roberts*, with an almost all-black cast. There are libraries: Dwight's has *No Escape From Love*, by Barbara Cartland, and *Anthony Adverse*; Stateville's includes biographies of Bing Crosby and Leon Trotsky. Prisons show a lot of movies, mostly violent adventures. There are cager-beaver prison chapters of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, proving that even behind prison walls, the indomitable human spirit is undaunted in its hunger for golf anecdotes and tips on being a toastmaster.

Where should you go to prison? *Federal, minimum security*, is probably the only prudent all-purpose answer. Otherwise, a woman might do well to shoot for the Purdy Correction Center in Gig Harbor, Washington, on Puget Sound. For the sports-minded fellow who would like to spend time outdoors getting in shape, California's small forestry camp near San Luis Obispo sounds swell.

On the other hand, beating up a couple of tourists and doing time on St. Croix, in the U.S. Virgin Islands, has a demented, dreamy allure. Serving the 18 months in Golden Grove prison? The marriage of heaven and hell might be irresistible. ☛

TAKING THE FIFTH A SPY CLIP 'N' SAVE FEATURE

*A Wallet-Size Reminder for
Witnesses Appearing Before Congressional
Committees and Grand Juries*

THEY SAY:

"Mr. North/Ms. Myerson/
just what do you know about improper arms
sales to Iran / your boyfriend's tax evasion /
?"

YOUR SCANDAL HERE

YOU SAY:

"On the advice of counsel, I exercise my right
under the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution
and decline to answer on the grounds that my
testimony might tend to incriminate me." ☛

WHO'S Representing WHOM:

Wall Street's Post-Boesky Scramble for Criminal Lawyers

On Monday morning, November 17, the customary phalanx of investment bankers, traders, financiers and arbitrageurs funneled in to work. They were clothed in their Paul Stuart gray flannel suits and lightly starched white shirts, braced by the favored yellow suspenders, comforted by the familiar Hermès tie and cap-toe oxford shoes, shaved and after-shaved, their hair still damp from the morning shower. Or perhaps, on this particular day, with sweat.

It was the first business day after Ivan Boesky, betrayed by his former confidant Dennis Levine, had announced he would plead guilty to one felony count of insider trading and pay the SEC \$100 million. If you had known Boesky—and everyone knew Boesky—you had to worry that he'd implicated you in return for such a trifling penalty. Who knows what outlandish, unfounded allegations he might have made? It was important to remain calm in the presence of co-workers (that's what you're supposed to do when disaster strikes—*remain calm*), but as soon as possible you called for help.



At the other end of the telephone lines were New York's best white-collar criminal-defense lawyers. A clannish group consisting largely of former federal prosecutors, they are accustomed to representing the disgraced powerful: the same dozen lawyers turn up with all the big clients in imbroglios such as the Marc Rich tax scandal and the E. F. Hutton check-kiting snafu. These specialists refer to one another, with outworn irony, as "the usual suspects."

All the usual suspects and perhaps a dozen lesser lights received phone calls, some within 48 hours of Boesky's mea culpa. "It was a very heady atmosphere," says Charles Stillman of Stillman, Friedman & Shaw. "It was insanity," says John Tighe of Kostelanetz & Ritholz, who estimates that "50 important people called lawyers, as well as 100 others who didn't know what they were talking about." Between those who knew they were in trouble and those foolishly nervous because they once owned the same stock as Boesky, there was a middle category of those who wanted to reserve a good lawyer in case the investigation wandered their way. (This is a practice skittish businessmen usually employ with takeover lawyers such as Joseph Flom or Martin Lipton: *Here's a lot of money, be ready if I need you.*)

As Charles Stillman, who is representing a possible insider-trading indictee, says, "The simple lesson is, when in doubt—and I'm not trying to sell my services here—get a lawyer." Adds Don Buchwald of Buchwald & Kaufman, who will not say whether his firm is representing someone: "If you get a subpoena, the only reason not to speak to a lawyer is if you can't afford one." At between \$200 and \$450 an hour, fees mount, but as Stillman points out, "The people you're helping are in a position, fortunately, to pay." Robert Morvillo of Obermaier, Morvillo & Abramowitz, whose firm is waiting until the dust settles to decide which of a half dozen importunate businessmen to represent, says, "If you really want to be crass about it, this is going to be a very lucrative time for people in the white-collar area."

But the callers found it wasn't so easy to find a lawyer to whom they could start anteing. First, there aren't many good white-collar attorneys. Second, white-collar suspects aren't usually recidivists, so they don't know whom to call: the first lawyer they try may already have a client, or a conflict of interest. Given all the ongoing SEC investigations, conflicts are common. Solo practitioner Andrew Lawler says, "It's hard to tell whether I was conflicted. . . . I wasn't sure what was connected with what, what was 'Yuppiescam' and what was Dennis Levine." Arthur Liman of Paul, Weiss, Rif-

kind, Wharton & Garrison, the dean of white-collar defense lawyers, raised eyebrows when he became one of at least three lawyers representing Michael Milken, the subpoenaed Drexel Burnham Lambert junk bond king. Liman represented Levine, and if Levine fingered Milken to the SEC, Liman would be representing both the accuser and the accused. That would be your basic conflict of interest. A lawyer in a position to know reports that Paul, Weiss called Grand & Ostrow to ask if they would escort Levine into the prosecutor's office for appearance' sake. Grand & Ostrow, says the lawyer, refused. (Liman and his partner, Martin Flumenbaum, did not return phone calls.)

Another difficulty in finding a lawyer is that sometimes they don't want to be found. A lawyer at one of the firms representing top Drexel executives (although Drexel is being represented by Cahill Gordon & Reindel, its regular counsel, Drexel employees have separately engaged at least seven other firms) says, "You don't want to end up representing a lower-level person who's going to get immunity or get right out of the case. You lose the action and the financial gain." In other words, the bigger the crook, the more attractive he is as a client. John Tighe says he knows one lawyer who turned down arbitrage broker Boyd Jefferies, whose firm was subpoenaed, because "it appeared he didn't have much of a problem." Tighe says his own firm "turned away a couple of small fry," "peanuts" who wouldn't have brought in much more than a \$5,000 retainer, before it agreed to represent "someone related to the people who control Drexel," the sort of client "who's going to put my kids through medical school."

Artful phrases like *a person related to the people who control Drexel* are part of a lawyer's lexicon, crafted to discourage reporters and other busybodies. (They don't say, "Sheesh, I've never seen anyone in as much trouble as my client Fred Mertz." And they always refer to crimes as "small problems.") The lawyers are paid to keep their clients free *and* out of the news: if the client is not indicted, no one need ever know he came darn close.

Thus an elaborate dance began on November 14 and continues: the clients who don't want anyone to know they have a lawyer are still circling lawyers who don't necessarily want them. Add to these difficulties the delay in further indictments, and reports that Boesky was taping his conversations for the government, and you have the necessary conditions for acute paranoia. "These guys aren't murderers and rapists," says Charles Stillman, "but they're in the worst situation of their lives, and they're distraught." What they want in a lawyer is not a mouthpiece but an earpiece. "We listen and we comfort," Stillman says. "A lot of what we do is bedside manner."

In addition to soothing words, clients want to hear whether to sit tight or to meet with the SEC in hopes of addressing their . . . small problem. Their lawyers need information before they can counsel, and they usually get it from other lawyers. "You can pool information about where the government is going and what it's looking for," says Andrew Lawler, "but it's got to be a two-way street. You have to be prepared to give as well as get." One lawyer says the professionals trust one another ("these guys are best friends") and will try to present a solid front against the government. If one lawyer's client

One lawyer says he "turned away a couple of small fry" before agreeing to represent "someone related to the people who control Drexel"—the kind of client "who's going to put my kids through medical school"

is planning to "flip" (cooperate with the government in return for leniency), he'll tell the others, so they can flip their clients too.

It is curiously fitting that lawyers share information to save the men who shared information to profit. The differences: the lawyers do it legally, and they don't betray one another. When betrayal comes, it will come from their clients. "Sometimes [the clients] get all excited to keep up with you after [the trial]," says Andrew Lawler, "but you usually go out to dinner once and then it fades away." Another lawyer concludes wistfully, "During the time they need you, they need you quite badly. But even if you stop the government cold and avoid an indictment, you're part of the bad memory, and they don't ever want to see you again."

After the final act of absolution, paying the lawyer's fees, the apostles of Wall Street just want to return to work on a Monday morning, wearing the familiar Paul Stuart gray flannel suit, their hair still damp from the morning shower.

—Tad Friend



MIRROR - NEOPHILE
TEASET - PAGE/THORBECK
CANDELABRA - JERRY KOTT
VASE/CANDLEHOLDER - THOMAS MARKUSEN

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Ears

Reagan claims to have suffered a hearing loss during the filming of a movie—a gun, he says, went off too close to his head (but then, he also claims that apartheid in South Africa has been all but eliminated). Some doctors have dismissed this gun story as another presidential tall tale, since failing hearing is normal for a man of 76. He began wearing a hearing aid in his right ear in 1983. It was into this ear, one year later, that Nancy fed him a line to fend off a reporter's question about arms control. (He stood there helplessly for seconds, shrugging and grunting, until she instructed him to say, "Doing everything we can.") When asked about his hearing, Reagan invariably quips, "What?" The ears themselves are unremarkable, if a bit large.

Nose

The news that a basal-cell carcinoma had been removed from the right side of the presidential nose in July 1985 was withheld from the public for several days on order of the first lady, who has been eager to control the public's knowledge of Reagan's health. He later referred to the cancerous bump as "my little friend that I had played with," explaining that he had brought the trouble on himself. "I picked at it and I squeeze it." More proboscis cancer was removed ten weeks later.

Cheeks

Despite his uncannily ruddy cheeks, Reagan claims that he never wears makeup on TV. He even claims never to have worn it in any of his movies (but then, he also claims that submarine-launched nuclear warheads can be called back after they've been fired).

Mouth

This is often seen wide open, as part of a head-thrown-back expression of feigned helpless laughter. Other familiar mouth positions include the witless "Do I look like an idiot" grin and the stern "I mean business" frown. This latter, macho pose is undercut by a certain comic pishiness, the result of the president's virtual liplessness.

Chest and Shoulders

The cartoonish overdevelopment of this area (perhaps the result of a bulletproof vest) makes the head seem far too small—exactly the opposite of Nancy's problem.

Hair

Gerald Ford, in his one recorded display of wit, described this as "prematurely orange." Reagan claims not to dye it—but then, he also claims he wasn't swapping arms for hostages. Though the basic hairstyle hasn't changed for half a century, the pompadour, which once gave the head a violently asymmetrical shape, has been modified over the years. Note the unnaturally low hairline.

Eyes

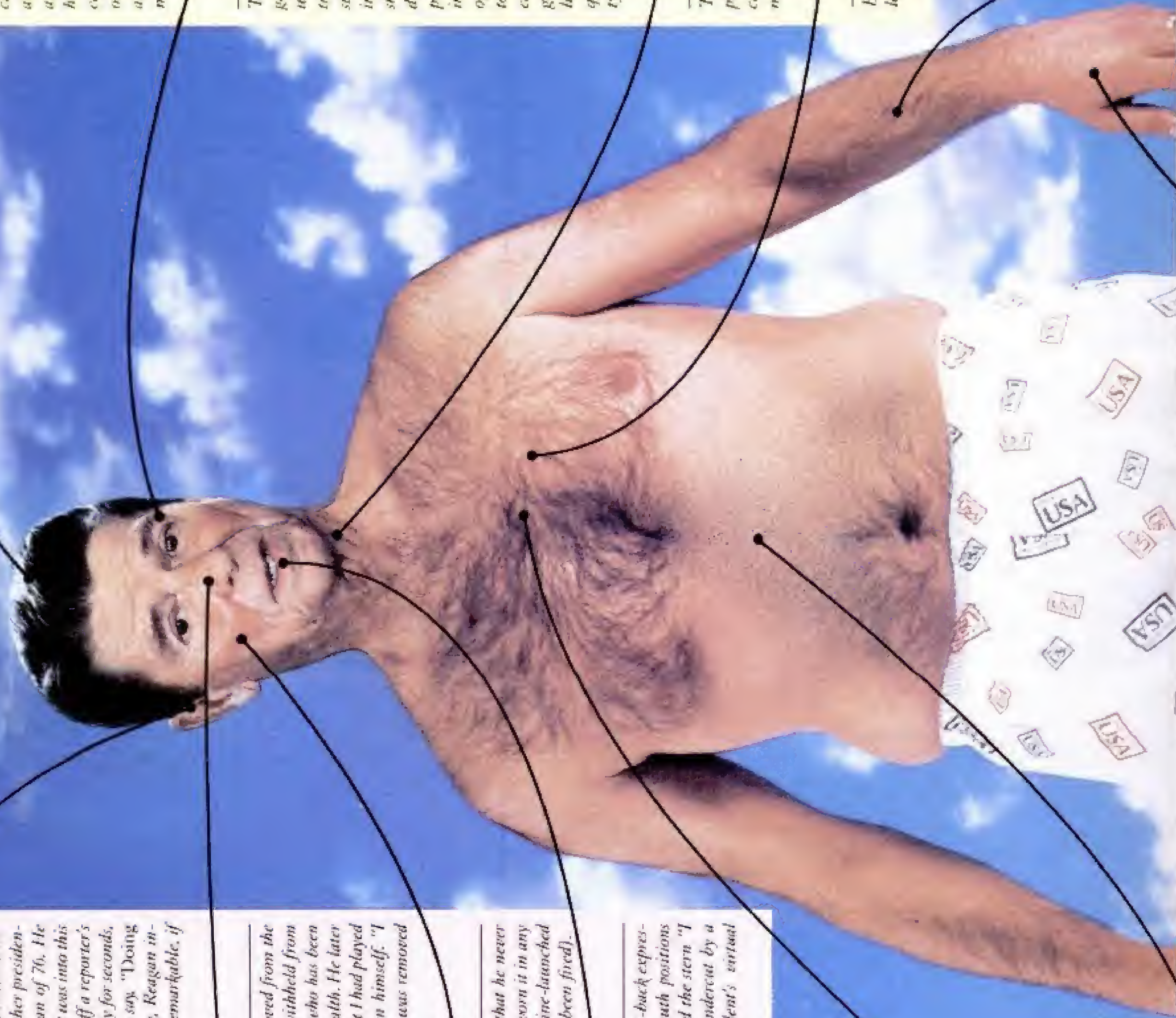
These are often closed, since Reagan's aides feel no obligation to wake him during major international crises and he feels no need to stay awake during Cabinet meetings. The eyes have been known to shut without warning, as they did during his 1982 tête-à-tête with the pope, resulting in an unseemly jerking forward of the head. When open, the eyes are carefully crinkled to convey the warmth that Americans find so comforting. When that grandfatherly crinkle goes away, like when a reporter asks a tough question during a photo opportunity, the president is revealed as an angry old iguana.

Neck

Though Reagan's fundamental persona is that of an enormous child, each of his 76 years has left its mark clearly in this vast expanse of wattles.

Left Lung

Even with a .22 caliber bullet lodged here, Reagan just couldn't stop telling those stupid jokes.



Torso

The extreme rigidity of this area under those awful suits, in combination with the flabby spare tire, raises the very real possibility that the president wears a girdle.

Penis

He has twice had a tube inserted up his urethra (a procedure he recently referred to as "a breeze") to reduce the size of his enlarged prostate gland. When a prostate operation was performed in January, he reportedly passed the time in the hospital telling "urological jokes."

Thumb

According to one of his favorite anecdotes, Reagan was carving the Thanksgiving turkey one year when he noticed blood. He first thought that maybe the bird was undercooked, but then he realized that he'd sliced open his own thumb with the knife. While addressing a group of White House photographers in 1983, he inserted his thumbs into his ears and wiggled his fingers, explaining that this was something he'd "been waiting years to do."

Keister

Colon

So far, two feet of it have been removed, along with one malignant polyp and, at last count, eleven benign ones. Discussing the malignancy, Reagan said, "I really didn't have cancer. The polyp had cancer."

Legs

These were cut off at the knees by an evil doctor in the 1942 movie *Kings Row*. When Reagan's character, Drake McHugh, woke up and noticed that they were gone, he screamed, "Where's the rest of me?" He was so curiously fond of this line that, to the delight of his detractors, he chose it as the title of his autobiography. Reagan claims that *Kings Row* often turns up on critics' all-time-ten-best lists (but then, he also claims that Nazi soldiers were victimized in World War II "just as surely as" Jews).

Arms

These got a workout in February 1984 when the president, arm wrestling with a bodybuilder, posed for photographers while an aide in the next room briefed reporters about the withdrawal of U.S. Marines from Lebanon.

Hands

These are frequently seen pointing at the ears while Reagan walks to or from a helicopter—a gesture that says, Gee, fellas, I'd love to answer your questions, but I can't hear you 'cause of the noise from that darn chopper. The hands are also useful for waving—something the president loves to do—and for holding the three-by-five cue cards he uses even during one-on-one conversations with world leaders.

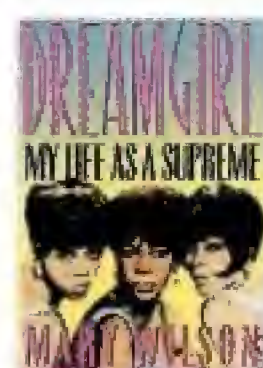


Here's THE REST of Me

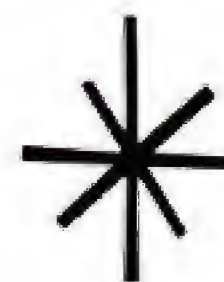
THE SPY MAP
OF REAGAN'S BODY
BY PAUL SLANSKY

A SPY
FOLDOUT
FEATURE

THE SEX!



THE SCANDALS!



THE AWKWARD PROSE!

elling

It All

STARS ARE ALL TOO WILLING TO SHARE

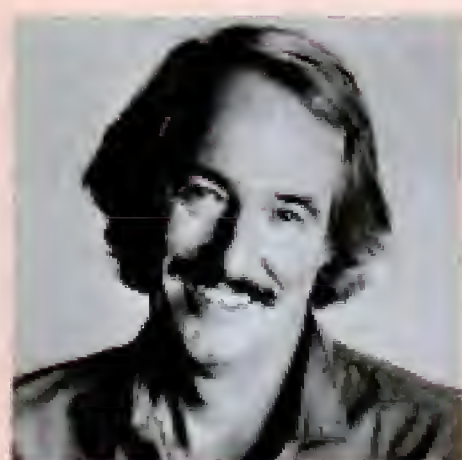
THEIR LIFE STORIES, BUT WHO REALLY WANTS

TO READ THEM? JAMIE MALANOWSKI

VOLUNTARILY WADED THROUGH A DOZEN

RECENT TELL-ALLS TO PRODUCE

OUR FIRST CELEBRITY MEMOIR CHART



JOHN PHILLIPS:
"I VOLUNTEERED MY BODY AS
A HUMAN TEST TUBE."

ANDREW
GREELEY



CONFESSIONS
OF A
PARISH PRIEST



M

ELIZABETHAN TIMES

it was drama that flourished. In the Victorian era, it was the novel. In the Reagan decade, it is the celebrity tell-all book. Make no mistake: we are living in a golden age.

NO ONE KNOWS exactly who invented the celebrity autobiography. It may have been Benjamin Franklin, in between devising bifocals and discovering electricity. His is not what we would consider a good celebrity autobiography by modern standards. He fails to mention, let alone rate, any of his sexual partners, nor does he tell us what substances he abused and why he regrets it today. He doesn't discuss nude scenes, the studio system, the loneliness of going on the road. He makes no mention of the late Lee Strasberg or the late Vince Lombardi. It's merely a rather tedious excursion into the mind of a Founding Father, and unfortunately for us, it set the pattern for the next 200 years.

THE MAN who's generally credited with turning everything around (unless you credit Adolf Hitler, whose *Mein Kampf* was certainly filled with the requisite amount of screwy self-justification) is Jim Bouton, the former baseball player. His *Ball Four* (1970) showed that a man need not have done anything exceptional in order to write a best-selling autobiography. In fact, Bouton proved that a man could be a washed-up relief pitcher on an expansion team, a genuine has-been, a real and true bum, and still write a best-seller, provided he was willing to discuss sexual peccadilloes and drug use and generally expose himself and his colleagues to public derision. Billions of dollars had been spent teaching Americans to read, yet many citizens never used the skill for anything more complicated than CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIKING. Now there was a book to fill the void.

ARE THERE ANY ground rules governing who can write a celebrity tell-all book? One rule of thumb is that you have to be out of your teens. If you are a teenager, however, take heart: you really don't have to do anything but survive until you are 25, and then you can write about how your career was destroyed by unscrupulous managers. Of course, if you can't wait that long to put pen to paper, you can write a beauty book.

BEYOND THAT, there are few rules. Malcolm Cowley, Lee Iacocca, Conway Twitty, it's all the same to us. If somehow you made the cover of *People* magazine, so much the better. Don't worry if it was for committing a crime. It's nice (but by no means necessary) if you've done something beneficial for mankind; and if along the way you haven't embarrassed or defeated some moderately well known person whom you can turn into the villain of the piece, you might try to do so before contacting a publisher. Or perhaps the book itself will take care of that.

DO YOU HAVE to be "hot" to get published? Not at all, although there is a relationship between how long you've been out of the limelight and how much dirt you have to dish out. If you're hot, all you have to do is talk in the most general terms about your divorce, how much you miss your kids, how much you like

working with famous people and what it all means. If you're not so hot, you'd better tell whether it was you or your spouse who cheated and with whom, how disappointed you were when you had to put your kids in the Betty Ford Center, how little you enjoyed working with famous people, and that the only thing that matters is to triumph, with God's help, in the end.

DOES WRITING your own story guarantee you immortality? Absolutely. Consider these examples: *My Life as a Small Boy*, by Wally Cox; *Treasure in Clay: The Autobiography of Fulton J. Sheen*; *Events Leading Up to the Comedy: An Autobiography*, by Elliott Nugent; and *Ed Wynn's Son*, by

Keenan Wynn. The problem with celebrity biographies is that there are so many. Not even the most depraved reader can possibly keep up. Therefore, SPY has developed a directory of 23 Fundamental Features of celebrity tell-all books. You will discover, as we did, that it is in this highly distilled form that the lives of the renowned and insignificant can be most clearly glimpsed. Our college-trained researchers have reduced a dozen current offerings to these naked essentials.

YOU SAVE TIME, but also hard cash: A bookstore would ask you to pay \$212.40 plus tax for the 12 books condensed here. Cost of SPY: an insignificant \$2.50. Savings to you: an incredible \$209.90.



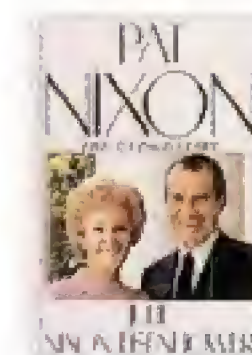
GELSEY KIRKLAND:
"I HAD MY EARLOBES
SNIPPED OFF."



TINA TURNER:
IKE FORCED HER TO EAT
POUND CAKE.



CHARLES MANSON:
"THE 'GO KILL HIM' WAS
SAID IN JEST."



Telling It All

NAME(S)	
FAMILY BACKGROUND/ SCANDAL	
SPOUSE(S)	
KIDS	
SEX	
FEELINGS ABOUT NUDE SCENES	

DREAMGIRL: MY
LIFE AS A SUPREME
by Mary Wilson;
St. Martin's Press, \$16.95;
292 pages

PAT NIXON:
THE UNTOLD STORY
by Julie Nixon Eisenhower;
Simon and Schuster, \$19.95;
463 pages

ROCK HUDSON:
HIS STORY
by Rock Hudson
and Sara Davidson;
Morrow, \$16.95;
311 pages

CONFESSIONS OF
A PARISH PRIEST
by Andrew M. Greeley;
Simon and Schuster, \$18.95;
507 pages

Named after one of her father's old girlfriends. Mary never changed her name, but Diane Ross became Diana in 1965.	Born Thelma Catherine Ryan. Nicknamed Babe. She changed her name in 1931 after her father died, because "Patricia was [his] favorite name... I was his 'St. Patrick's Babe' in the morning." Richard Nixon liked to call her Miss Vagabond and his "Irish Gypsy."	Born Roy Scherer Jr., but when his mother remarried, he was adopted by stepfather and renamed Roy Fitzgerald. His stage name was dreamed up either by first agent Henry Willson or by a bunch of guys he hung out with in Long Beach, California.	His nickname is Greels.
Dad did time in prison. After he gambled away the family's money in Chicago, Mary's aunt and uncle from Detroit took her in.	Her father was a sailor, a miner and finally a farmer who became known as "the cabbage king" because he raised the biggest and best cabbage for miles around.	He and his parents lived with grandparents during the Depression; eleven people in a one-bedroom house. Rock's stepfather beat him. A man had sexual relations with Rock when he was nine.	"We lost everything in the Crash." His sister, Mary Jule, is called Juice, "even by her husband, the incomparable Jack Durkin, one of the most 'fun' human beings I have ever been privileged to know."
One. Pedro Ferrer, now ex.	One. Richard Nixon: "He fell in love with her that [first] night. Although not usually impulsive, he said... 'You may not believe this but I am going to marry you someday.'"	One. Phyllis Gates, his agent's secretary; divorced within two years. Controversy still rages over whether it was a marriage of convenience or affection, or both. Rumors of marriage to Jim Nabors denied.	One. The Church.
Four. Adopted son Willie, who is her cousin Christine's eldest child; daughter Turkessa, sons Pedro Jr. and Rafael.	Two. Patricia ("Tricia") and Julie.	None. Seven dogs, however.	
First (unconsummated) experience was in high school with Jimmy Abner. "Sensing my unease, Jimmy slowly undressed me... before I knew it Jimmy's strong body was on top of mine... where were the shooting stars I'd heard about? ... We broke up soon after." In high school she became engaged to Ronnie Hammers. "We did 'what-ever' right away." After the Supremes became	Working in the tubercular ward of a New York hospital in the early 1930s, Pat wrote to her brother, "My Aunts think the doctors and some of the fellows I go with are grand—but I don't care so much about even going out with them. They say I'll be a nun yet..." For their honeymoon the Nixons went on a driving trip to Mexico. By eating canned goods for breakfast and lunch, they kept the cost of the trip down to \$178.	Rock's steady lovers included radio producer Ken Hodge ("the essence of sophistication"); Jack Navaar ("lean and fit with blond wavy hair"); a short, paunchy, married studio executive who helped Rock keep his first big role in <i>Magnificent Obsession</i> ; TV extra Lee Garlington ("tall and blond," one of the only people Rock says he truly loved); Jack Coates ("tanned, blond, sun-washed"); Tom Clark; Jim Gagner See D	"God, to use the language it took me decades to discover, is the only lover who possesses the perfection of passion and excitement of first love in summer." "As Father Jaimie Keenan, priest in one of my short stories, remarks, 'If Jesus did not admire the breasts of women, he was singularly ungrateful to his Heavenly Father....'"
	When her hairdresser offered to help Pat undress, she said, "Oh, no thank you, Judy. I have to keep doing things for myself."	Rock admitted to a movie magazine that he slept in the nude.	

FIRST BIG BREAK

MENTOR/INSPIRATION

SECRET OF SUCCESS

FIRST ED SULLIVAN SHOW

SUBSTANCE ABUSE

CRIMES

FINDING GOD

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

"IT'S THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHO MATTER"

Audition with Motown in 1960.

"Though I felt the brunt of her anger many times, I know that the values [my aunt] I.V. taught me have stood by me throughout my life...."

"Our two most popular outfits were red sleeveless spaghetti-strap dresses with tons of fringe, and a silver spandex costume, complete with tight pants, halter tops, and high heels. We looked hot."

The highlight of their first appearance, in 1964, came when Sullivan's makeup crew, unaccustomed to working with blacks, made them look "like black-faced singers in a minstrel show!"

Diana and Mary were into gambling; Flo became an alcoholic. The Beatles expected the Supremes to be "hip" but found them "square." In 1969 turmoil in the group and breaking up with Tom Jones caused Mary's hair to fall out.

Mary lied to Berry Gordy once about who was driving his Cadillac when it hit a parked car. He nearly fired her when he found out the truth.

In 1967 the Supremes played nuns in an episode of *Tarzan*. They sang "Michael Row the Boat Ashore."

One day the Supremes were told that two friends had been in a car accident. One was paralyzed, the other decapitated. Though upset, "that night... we pranced onstage, flashing our biggest, sweetest smiles.... The show must go on."

"[We] could always count on a lively, vocal contingent of kids and teens waiting for us wherever we went. I was touched by these shows of affection."

Looking good.

Aunt Kate, a nun. Though Kate was in her seventies, Pat found her "loads of fun."

"I love to help others—and all day long I'm always trying to be cheerful to the unfortunates and to help them in every way possible."

Pat never went on the Sullivan show, but she did have a cousin named Ned Sullivan who figures prominently in this book.

During a 1959 visit to Moscow, Soviet leaders pressed Pat to drink shots of vodka. "Oh, no, I don't care for it," she said. But when the deputy premier suggested that they drink to peace, she buckled: "For peace, I'll do anything." **See B**

Possible coconspirator by association.

Pat was "very sensitive to news stories that said she and her family were 'fall-en-away' Catholics." Her father felt that "it's all right to live without religion, but it's not all right to die without it." During Watergate Pat told people to "pray for the press."

"People can sense when another person is friendly and genuinely interested. A smile is the universal language."
"The world is just what we make it—so let's make ours a grand one. Too, it's fun to work and then enjoy the fruits of the success."

"People are my project," Pat says. Before White House dinners, the Nixons would psych themselves up by reminding each other that this would be some guest's first and only evening in the White House.

When Cardinal Meyer encouraged his writing.

"I survived the alternately painful and exhilarating roller coaster of my mid-life crisis decade mostly by work."

A friend speculates, "As big as he became, he was never nailed [for being gay].... Rock had an angel on his shoulder, or made a pact with the devil."

"[I] became an early addict of the didn't like pot and thought cocaine was terrible."

Rock drank heavily in later years. He didn't like pot and thought cocaine was terrible.

Just after eloping with Phyllis, Rock got a speeding ticket.

"My own image of God is that She is a Comedienne—and an Irish one at that."

Pat Boone and some friends prayed over Rock on his deathbed. They laid on hands and spoke in tongues. Rock slept through this.

"Life, if it is anything at all, is a quest for a Grail, an end of a rainbow, a leprechaun with a pot of gold, a Bali Ha'i in the South Pacific."

"There are many forms of love... like love for a child or a parent, love for dogs or plants or fried chicken. I love loving, but being in love with someone has been too romanticized."

"The most fundamental, the most instinctual question that I can ask myself: is summer a delusion or is it a sacrament? My life is about the search for an answer to that question." **See E**

"Someone once asked me what my philosophy of life was, and I said some crazy thing. I should have said, how the hell do I know?"

Endorsing Supremes White Bread.

See C

Getting AIDS. "If I had it all to do

SEX

ner, with whom he attempted foreplay ("She was willing to try it all. And try it all we did"); Jane and Stella, two hitchhikers whom he slept with by the side of the road, in his van ("It wasn't me who made the first advance").

Lynnette "Squeaky" Fromme (who later tried to shoot Gerald Ford); Patricia Krenwinkel, who had a hang-up about her body hair ("She had to have the lights out"); Susan "Sadie" Atkins, one of Sharon Tate's killers (Charlie seduced her with his guitar playing); Ruth Ann Moorehouse, the 14-year-old virgin daughter of a preacher ("I whispered, 'Forget your daddy. I'm your daddy. Doesn't this feel too good to be wrong?'").

One episode involved 12 girls and 5 guys in his bus: "The balling, partying, oral-copulating, heterosexual, homosexual, masturbating orgy that occurred in the bus that night was not initiated or programmed by me."

Had a homosexual experience with major Hollywood star (unnamed), who also liked to watch while Manson had sex with his wife.

Others: Sandra Good ("The walk resulted in some conversation, a lot of sex and our getting to know each other") and Stephanie Schram.

A trio: Linda Kasabian, Gypsy and Brenda. ("Linda was my kind of girl. Six months later, she became the prosecutor's kind of girl.")

ter Martins: "Peter seemed to be a Greek god. Our love and sexuality seemed to go hand in hand...." Affair was disrupted when dancer Heather Watts publicly announced that Peter had told her that making love to Gelsey was like masturbating.

Later that year she began a long but none-too-sensual affair with Mikhail Baryshnikov: "I waited for him to be done. I felt no need to fake what had not taken place...."

Affairs with psychologist from Sarah Lawrence, dancer Richard Schafer ("ruggedly handsome") and dancer Patrick Bissell, who turned her on to coke.

At a party a cocaine dealer named Dexter attempted unsuccessfully to procure her for Henry Kissinger.

Unlikely affair with "Mickey," a middle-aged homosexual heroin addict whom she met in a mental institution. ("He looked like a cross between an Italian leprechaun and a lightweight boxer.")

Then "Dwayne," a pianist, and others: "Random promiscuity had advantages which I found irresistible. Sex could be exchanged for coke; coke could be exchanged for sex." Other romances with a "respectable" restaurant owner and "Hugh," a cocaine dealer: "At our first meeting he asked me, 'Have you ever had coke up your ass?' So began my sickest relationship to date."

Then Greg Lawrence (husband and co-author), "a poet of sorts."

Embarrassed by nudity. When she was ten, George Balanchine asked her to change into her angel costume in front of a group of businessmen. "There was something not altogether right about the way those grown men giggled."

At seven, Charlie rounded up all the Christmas presents of neighborhood children who had teased him and burned them.

First murder: he killed a black dope dealer in L.A. "I felt good!"

Vic, a pimp, told Charlie all about big cars and pretty girls. Also, an inmate, Alvin "Creepy" Karpis of Ma Barker's gang, played guitar with him.

for her was electric and powerful"); Ann Marshall ("stunning, well-educated"); Anita Pallenberg ("built"); Mia Farrow ("lots of fun"); Genevieve Waite ("wonderfully unique"); Bianca Jagger (Mick "was a total gentleman about it"); Jane, a University of Pennsylvania student ("She was in her senior year and would fly up on weekends. She was lucky enough to schedule all her classes on Tuesday"); and others.

One night in one bed: John and Michelle Phillips, Jane Fonda, Roger Vadim, Warren Beatty.

"[Lucy] turned on the VCR. I almost had a heart attack, for there, on the screen, was Robin, one of our new girls. And she wasn't merely having sex, either.... I've seen enough," I said.... "Wait a minute," said Lucy. "The scene with the goat is coming up!".. See 6

Convincing the bank to let her use Visa and Mastercard.

First guitar given to Phillips by brother-in-law, John and Michelle and Denny Doherty and Cass Elliot drop acid together, 1965.

"Looking back, I am absolutely certain I would not be alive now if I had not been arrested.... The dealer who turned informant on me saved my life."

FEELINGS ABOUT NUDE SCENES

FIRST BIG BREAK

MENTOR/INSPIRATION

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Back

1. Follow instructions on the other side

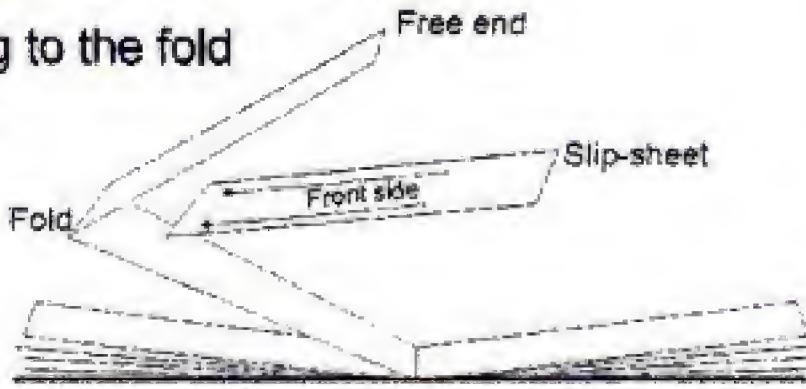
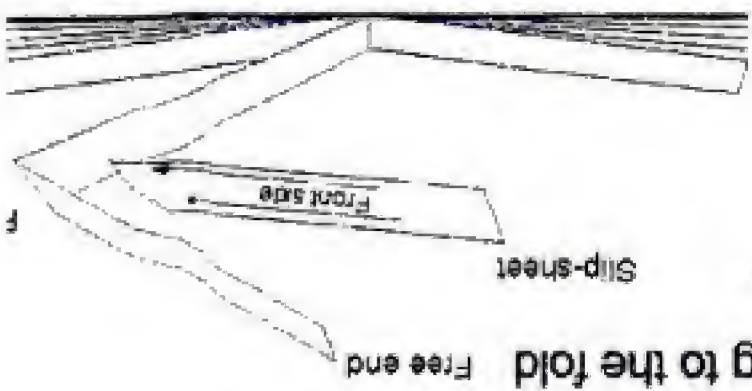
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Foldout slip-sheet



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Telling It All

MANSON IN HIS OWN WORDS

as told to Nuel Emmons;
Grove Press, \$16.95;

232 pages

DANCING ON MY GRAVE

by Gelsey Kirkland
with Greg Lawrence;

Doubleday, \$17.95; 286 pages

PAPA JOHN

by John Phillips
with Jim Jerome;

Dolphin/Doubleday, \$17.95;

444 pages

MAYFLOWER MADAM

by Sydney Biddle Barrows
with William Novak;

Arbor House, \$17.95;

291 pages

NAME(S)

FAMILY

BACKGROUND/

SCANDAL

SPOUSE(S)

KIDS

Born "No Name Maddox"; later took the name Manson from the man his mother eventually married. "Hey, <i>Charlie's Angels</i> on TV is even a take-off on me and my girls."	When Gelsey was accepted into Balanchine's New York City Ballet at 15, she wanted to adopt a stage name, but her father said no.	John Edmund Andrew Phillips.	Her professional pseudonym was Sheila Devin, inspired by a character on <i>All My Children</i> .
Father was a "young drugstore cowboy" who didn't stick around, mother a whore. When Charlie was six, his mother was arrested for trying to rob a service station using a Coke bottle as a weapon. His mother had lesbian experiences; young Charlie was a bed wetter.	Mother was an actress, father an embittered alcoholic playwright. "His first act of the day was to throw up in the bathroom...." Gelsey was a chronic sleepwalker.	His presumed father was an alcoholic Marine; his possible real father was a Marine doctor. His mother was a Cherokee who had affairs with servicemen. His brother was "messed up psychologically by combat" in World War II; his sister Rosie's father might have been a rodeo rider.	"I came from a privileged family whose history was intertwined with that of America.... Even though some of my relatives lived in grandeur, our own circumstances were far more modest."
One and a half. First (unnamed) was a waitress and coal miner's daughter: "She may not have been the most beautiful girl in the world, but to me she was Marilyn Monroe, Mitzi Gaynor and Lana Turner all rolled into one...." She left him for a truck driver. Manson got a marriage license to marry Sandy, a prostitute for whom he pimped, but they never went through with it. She left him when she got pregnant.	One. Co-author Greg Lawrence.	Three. Susie Adams ("I couldn't keep from feeling trapped"); Michelle Gilliam ("We had lived fast and hard... we had simply been through too much"); Genevieve Waite ("Drugs allowed us to sink deeper toward a state in which Gen was a slave, I was a master").	None.
Three. One with each of his two "wives" and one with Mary Brunner, a son, Valentine Michael, whom Manson delivered himself.	Not yet. "The idea of maternity was both alien and wondrously alluring. It was, of course, out of the question for me."	Five. Jeffrey and Laura Mackenzie (Susie); Chynna Gilliam (Michelle); Tamerlane and Bijou (Genevieve).	None.
At age 13, he was raped repeatedly by fellow inmates at Indiana School for Boys, a correctional facility. The rapes stopped after Charlie attacked one of his violators with an iron window crank. "The first girl I ever made it with I ended up marrying." At 32, newly released from prison, he decided he had "some catching up to do." Had sex with: the whore he almost married; a 16-year-old girl he met on the street, who made him feel	"Under the strictures imposed by Balanchine, sex was about the only weapon his dancers possessed." First (unconsummated) dressing room encounters with dancer Fernando Bu-jones at 15. Then stole best friend's husband "Jules," a rock musician, and "at last the mystery of the rose had been cracked, and I was anxious to spread the news, informing my fellow dancers how sore my body was from wrestling with such ecstasy." At 22 she began an affair with	First experience with 12-year-old Jeannie ("I loved every second of it"). In high school, Maggie Lee ("She had a tongue that wouldn't quit and hands that wouldn't start"). Then Susie Adams ("girlish, spunky exuberance"); Susie's former secretary, Marcia ("I lost interest in Marcia after a few weeks"); Rita, a Havana hooker ("an animal: tireless, uninhibited, and full of tricks"); Mariana ("voluptuous, hot-blooded ball-room dance instructor from Puerto	Her first experience was in high school, with Geoff. "In the context of a close relationship with a man I know well, I am warm, loving, and affectionate, and like many women, I find it easier to give love than receive it. But to be blunt about it, recreational sex has never appealed to me."

REGRETS

MISSED OPPORTUNITIES

RATIONALIZATIONS

ESPECIALLY GOOD QUOTES

OBVIOUS OMISSIONS

BEST PHOTO CAPTION

LAST LINE

which was sold in Detroit markets.

An English teacher "told me that I was exceptionally perceptive and suggested that I consider becoming a writer."

At first insulted that the English press called them Negrresses, the Supremes began to understand how the English saw them: as "exotic darlings, sexy and cute, and all the more interesting because we were black and hailed from what the foreign press liked to portray as a rat-infested ghetto."

"Tom would always sing songs just to me. In Las Vegas he once sang 'Green, Green Grass of Home,' then segued into 'That Old Black Magic.'"

How badly Motown paid them.

"They called me 'the sexy one.'"

"Then I repeated one of Flo's favorite lines from our happy days: 'Honey, we is terrific.'"

over again, I'd probably be a landscape architect."

Rock turned down Charlton Heston's part in *Ben Hur* and Marlon Brando's part in *Soyuzdetfilm*, both hits, to do *A Farewell to Arms*, a flop.

After Rock's diagnosis, he still kissed Linda Evans on *Dynasty*, but he kept his mouth closed. Also after diagnosis, he didn't tell lover Marc Christian about his condition. "Fuck him. Because it goes with the territory."

"Raoul Walsh [who directed Rock in his film debut] did not use Rock in any more films, but he asked him to paint his house and wash windows."

What happened to the 18 minutes of tape.

"[Pat] appears serene as [Dick] prepares to explain his political expense fund, but the unfairness of the charges changed her idealistic view of politics forever."

"He's on his way to Nirvana."

"Dear Rock—So good to have you here with us. With warmest regards, Nancy & Ron."

"Never say 'no' to the Lord of the Dance!"

Explanation of why he can't go two pages without quoting from his own books.

successful, Mary lived with Duke Fakir of the Four Tops in her house (which Berry Gordy didn't like because Mary had put mirrors over her bed).

Other affairs with a bodyguard from Puerto Rico, composer Brian Holland, Berry's elder brother Fuller and Columbia Pictures executive David Puttnam. Soon, "I had a boyfriend in every town, all around the world."

Mary then had a torrid affair with Tom Jones: "I felt like we were living out a scene from a musical, with 'Some Enchanted Evening' playing in the background." Discovering that he was married upset her but didn't keep her from flying around the world to spend "just one night" with him.

Other affairs with Mike Warren, Flip Wilson and Steve McQueen.

During the 1960 presidential campaign, many in the entourage took "mild pep pills."

In 1947 Congressman Nixon brought Pat some expensive linen place mats from Italy. Knowing how expensive they must have been, she blurted out, "Oh, Dick, why did you buy this? ..."

Pat's greatest regret in the aftermath of Watergate was that her husband "did not consult her about the tapes before their existence became common knowledge."

(ex-roommate of Armistead Maupin); and last live-in, Marc Christian ("flaxen-haired, tanned chest"), who, in Rock's last days, was asked to leave but stayed and had boys over.

Rock also had a lot of flings. Friend Mark Miller told him "just because it wiggles, you don't have to fuck it," a piece of advice Rock disputed. In later years, he gave pool parties to which he invited as many as 50 male "beauties." He also had affairs with women, including Phyllis Gates (rumored to be bisexual) and actress Marilyn Maxwell, who proposed to him.

Navy buddy: "We heard rumors about 'Fitz' for thirty years, but we dismissed them.... It must have been that clang Hollywood.... It ruins people...."

On the accusation that the covers of his novels are too sexy: "The gold cross in the mouth of the red-haired woman on the cover [of *Thy Brother's Wife*] represents the oral incorporation of God in the Eucharist. See F

"I have never had a nun as a close friend. I don't rule out the possibility, but I continue to be wary of them."

"I'm an Aristotelian, or more precisely a transcendental Thomist à la Bernard Lonergan and David Tracy, with a strong dash of Whiteheadian process philosophy and Jamesian empiricism/pragmatism thrown in."

The *Ascent Into Hell* cover is an allusion to Michelangelo's *Creation*, except that God, on this cover, wears fingernail polish and has breasts.... On the cover of *Lord of the Dance* the reclining dancer, with her long red hair and a hint of enormous energy at rest... symbolizes the Church."

Telling It All

THE CONWAY TWITTY STORY: AN AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY

by Wilbur Cross and Michael Kasser; *Dolphin/Doubleday, \$14.95; 193 pages*

I, TINA: MY LIFE STORY

by Tina Turner with Kurt Loder; *Morrow, \$16.95; 236 pages*

ROSEY: THE GENTLE GIANT

by Roosevelt Grier; *Honor Books, \$17.95; 301 pages*

ONE MORE TIME

by Carol Burnett; *Random House, \$18.95; 359 pages*

<p>Born Harold Jenkins. Conway is a town in Arkansas; Twitty is a town in Texas.</p>	<p>Anna Mae Bullock. Ike, then her manager, had become fixated on Sheena, the white jungle goddess of the movies. He chose Tina because it rhymed with Sheena.</p> <p>"Were we poor? I don't remember being poor." Her "father" might not have been her father. Also, "I was raised on pork..."</p>	<p>"My parents named me Roosevelt after the man who was running on the Democratic ticket for President." During his brief singing career, "They called me the '300-pound Perry Como."</p> <p>"Poppa was a farmer, and life was hard, but no harder than for many Americans in the thirties."</p> <p>Rosey and Doris weren't married when their daughter, Sheryl, was born; Rosey is ashamed "by my refusal to give her my last name."</p>	<p>Named after Carole Lombard. Known as "the kid with the brick wall in her gut."</p> <p>"We were on something called the WPA. It meant that we were poor...." Carol's grandmother was flatulent. If Carol "really begged" her, her grandmother would take out her teeth and smile at her. They owned a sexually active parakeet. Carol's half sister was born out of wedlock.</p>
<p>Two. Ellen, "a supernice person," to whom he stayed married only until their son was born. Mickey, whom he married in 1956, divorced in 1970, remarried in 1971 and divorced in 1984. "Being constantly reminded she was married to a famous entertainer" caused Mickey to lose "her own identity."</p>	<p>One. Ike, now ex.</p>	<p>Two. Bernice ("an attractive and pleasant woman who... did drink more than I would have liked"), whom he married in 1961 and divorced in 1968. Margie, whom he married in 1970, divorced in 1975 and remarried in 1981.</p>	<p>Two. Don Saroyan and Joe Hamilton. Both ex. Why she and Saroyan split: "He was gentle and sweet, and we had fun together.... So we don't have any money! So what? We're young. We're healthy. We're talented. And we're in love! What's so bad about that? ... And then I started to get luckier than Don."</p>
<p>Four. Mike, Joni, Kathy, Jimmy.</p>	<p>Two. Son Craig was born in 1958; father was a musician named Raymond Hill. Son Ronald was born in 1960; father was Ike, who was married to someone else at the time.</p>	<p>Two. Sheryl, born 1953 to girlfriend Doris, and Roosevelt Kennedy, born to Margie in 1971.</p>	<p>Three daughters. Carrie, Jody and Erin.</p>
<p>"[Ellen and I] were good friends—obviously a little more than friends."</p>	<p>Her first partner was Harry Taylor, captain of the high school basketball team. With Ike: "He would beat me with shoes, shoe trees, anything that was handy. And then he would have sex with me. It was torture, plain and simple." Tina had a crush on musician Johnny Williams and once even sneaked into his room and lay in his arms for five minutes. <i>See 4</i></p>	<p>While campaigning for Robert Kennedy, Rosey met Jackie Onassis. Once "I told her, 'Jackie, you're a really nice lady. The only problem is, you can never know who likes you for yourself.... To me, you're just another lady.' She laughed and said 'I think you're crazy.' But I wanted her to have that experience of being cared about as a person. <i>See 1</i></p>	<p>"[Mama] could... tell us all about how 'It' (the big it) is so friggin' overrated it's pitiful."</p> <p>"I began to want more. No more pure.... I wanted to know what 'it' was like.... I gave him every chance.... But our involvement didn't progress one bit.... One of my roommates took me aside and told me about homosexuals."</p>
<p>When singer Tabby West invited him to appear on a TV show, <i>The Ozark</i></p>	<p>Meeting Ike.</p>	<p>Good genes for sports.</p>	<p>Once, after a doctor gave Carol a shot of penicillin in the buttocks, she was so embarrassed she walked into a closet.</p>
<p>Feelings about nude scenes</p>	<p>Singing "John Foster Dulles" at the Blue Angel, a New York nightclub</p>		

"IT'S THE
LITTLE PEOPLE
WHO MATTER"

REGRETS

MISSED
OPPORTUNITIES

RATIONALIZATIONS

ESPECIALLY
GOOD QUOTES

OBVIOUS OMISSIONS

LAST LINE

"It wasn't that I was trying to play leader—I had a feeling of responsibility."
"To me a class whore is about as honest a person as there is on earth."

"I should have cleaned up my act."

"One of my strongest regrets is that the world didn't get to hear our music."

"In learning of the popularity and wealth of the victims, I suddenly felt cheated that the kids had come away from the scene with less than a hundred dollars in cash."

Manson claims that the murders weren't his idea, but the plan of his female followers: "I winked at Susan and jokingly told her, 'Go kill him for me, Sadie.' The 'go kill him' was said in jest."

"Though I wasn't black, I picked up on what the Black Muslims were practicing."

"Sure, the pot and pills we used were technically against the law, but.... Other than nailing a few under-age broads who were already giving their bodies to whoever they fancied, I kind of had the feeling of being a good samaritan...."

"These thoughts might sound like pure insanity, but...."

"Only a body is in prison. At my will, I walk your streets and am right out there among you."

out the window."

"In Florida on one occasion, to avoid being hounded by a mob of fans, I ran a mile in my toe shoes through a field of mud and back to my hotel room."

Obsession with changing her body. In addition to various failed breast alterations, "I had my earlobes snipped off. I had silicone injected into my ankles and lips."

Because of Kirkland's chronic anorexia and bulimia, Herb Ross and his wife, Nora Kaye, replaced her in the movie *The Turning Point* with another dancer.

"I was simply doing my own thing, living according to the modern code: 'sex, drugs, and rock and roll.'... My downfall was not only a triumph of the monstrous side of my personality, but the seductive and vacuous side of our culture."

"Perhaps my experience has already contributed to change, at least for my generation."

While living with Michelle (though still married to first wife Susie), this conversation took place: "I love you, Susie." "You can't have it both ways." "But you lived in Europe. You should know about mistresses."

On his monthlong stay in the Al-lenwood "Country Club" prison: "The food was a pleasant surprise, with a delicious kosher kitchen, an elaborate salad bar, and a tasty brunch on Sundays at ten forty-five...."

"*The dance goes on forever. So shall I. So shall we.* Let that be my epitaph, my prayer, my final gesture."

"I'll just have to cross that bridge when it burns."

that can cut you loose or cut you down."

After being in jail with streetwalkers: "These girls had been so nice to me, and so open and interesting, that my brief experience in jail was far more positive than I could have imagined."

Drug abuse undermined Phillips's plan to record a solo album that would have featured Mick Jagger, Keith Richards and Mick Taylor. "I was devastated."

Might have been murdered along with Sharon Tate and others at the Polanski mansion, but for the fact that Marshall Brickman suggested that they skip the party and instead go to the beach to look at phosphorescent plankton.

"Maybe I had made it too easily."

"Like their counterparts in the other helping professions, our girls brought tenderness and comfort into our clients' lives. We were *there* for them."

"I would give the girls a few pointers on how to avoid swallowing it in a way that was not obvious to the client. Because it's a very visual lesson, I am unable to put it into words."

Tip to employees: "Once you're in the bathroom, jump up and down a little bit and let gravity do its work so that you don't mess up your underwear. Otherwise, you'll be going down in the elevator, and all of a sudden—whoosh!"

Clients' names.

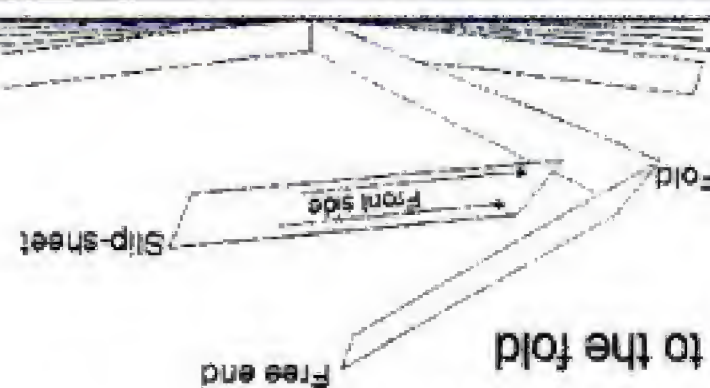
"It's not called the oldest profession for nothing."

6

Sydney once let a boyfriend take snapshots of her nude. Eleven years later, some of them ran in the *Daily News* and the *Post*. "I was devastated."

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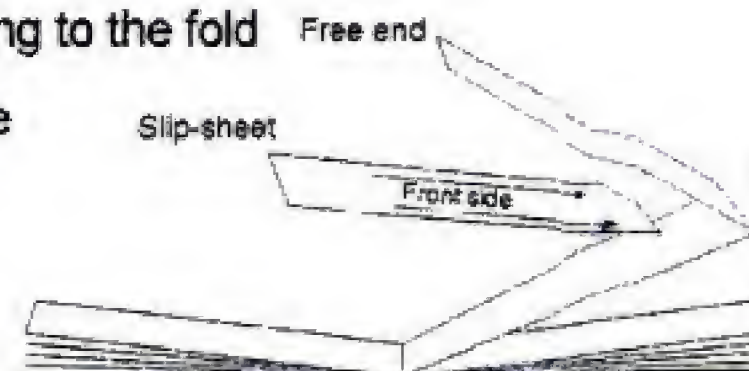
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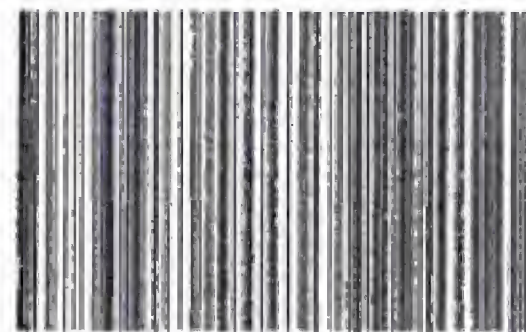
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1. Follow instructions on the other side

Back



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Back

1. Follow instructions on the other side

"When a guy wants something, he doesn't follow all the rules."
 "My anger was transformed into a more complicated response to ballet itself, but the passion of my commitment can be traced to the turmoil of my childhood."

"For me, ballet was suicidal." "I occasionally fantasized about my funeral... I was a dancing corpse."

Not explicitly discussed.

First acid trip, age 32, at a Grateful Dead concert. "I've never had any use for heroin, opium, cocaine or anything else that makes you an addict, although I've always been strong on grass, hashish, LSD, mushrooms and just about everything that gives mind trips." Manson and his followers routinely took LSD before going out to kill people.

As a teen with acne, she took antibiotics and birth control pills and Butazolidin, "a dangerous anti-inflammatory drug used on racehorses and dancers." Always took emetics to induce vomiting and stay skinny. Balanchine gave her amphetamines ("Take this. Is vitamin").

"I starved by day, then binged on junk food and threw up by night; I took injections of pregnant cows' urine, reputed to be a miraculous diet aid; I stuffed myself with laxatives, thyroid pills, and celery juice; I emptied myself with enemas and steam baths." On coke with Patrick Bissell: "No worries, fears, anxieties... I was voluble, even fairly coherent.... I was hooked on him and on the coke.... My entire life seemed to have relocated into the bathrooms of Manhattan." Finally committed to a mental hospital. By 1984 "I was a speed freak, a Valium addict, a coke casualty, and a total wreck. Even my teeth were falling out." Started to reform when she realized "that billions of illicit dollars were laundered annually through the banking system in the United States alone, that drugs were the most profitable commodity in the world."

Passim, drugs and alcohol. Alcohol abuse more prevalent late in the book. First joint courtesy of Rita in Havana. In sum: "I volunteered my body as a human test tube for anything I could get my hands on."

"Millions of Americans use and enjoy illegal drugs without abusing them.... Drug use, in other words, is not the same as drug abuse...."

See pages 1-232.

At 12, Charlie had a vision of Jesus ("Thunder sounded and a flash of lightning brightened the sky"), which recurred later during an acid trip. "God is in everyone. Each person is his or her own God. I'm God, you're God."

No witnesses at her wedding to Greg Lawrence, except "the One, perhaps, who witnesses all of our actions."

No.

"If I ever had to pick a religion all over again, I would seriously consider Judaism...."

First arrest as a teenage gang member, for "rolling fags." Arrested for "kidnapping" his son Tamerlane. Arrested for drugs in Bermuda; a bribe got him off. Major drug bust in 1980 led, eventually, to this book.

Was expelled from Stoneleigh boarding school for a series of small offenses, including helping a girl sneak a boy into her room.

"Wipe your own ass, do your own thing and ego be damned."
 "Nothing is wrong if it feels good and satisfies you. Live for now...."

To her brother: "My success means nothing! I hate every minute of it! Ballet is a curse!" Also, she quotes one of Misha's Russian sayings: "Love is not like a potato—you can't throw it."

"My philosophy about being a so-called 'star' was that if you wanted others to treat you like a star, you had to first treat yourself like one."
 "Freedom is a double-edged sword."

"In my view, every woman in America ought to wear [a slip]."

SECRET OF SUCCESS

SUICIDE ATTEMPTS

SUBSTANCE ABUSE

CRIMES

FINDING GOD

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

MENTOR/INSPIRATION

When "It's Only Make Believe" was inching up the charts, manager Don Seat kept Conway hidden, so as not to dispel the rumors that the song was by Elvis using a false name. "From the experience I learned a valuable lesson about the power of mystique."

Valerie Bishop, who turned Tina on to Buddhism, through which Tina discovered nonallergenic makeup at Bloomingdale's.

John Grossi, a seventh-grade classmate who got all A's. "He said, 'Well, you're not as smart as I am, so you're going to have to study...' I'll always owe him because he made me realize that discipline and determination can be more important than a high IQ."

An unnamed rich man lent Carol \$1,000 to come to New York and launch her career.

SECRET OF SUCCESS

The "little throaty growl" that distinguishes him from Elvis.

Leaving Ike.

Height and weight.

"Rain brought me good luck."

FIRST ED SULLIVAN SHOW

January 1957.

SUICIDE ATTEMPTS

Attempted suicide in 1968 by swallowing Valium.

SUBSTANCE ABUSE

In 1960 he took diet pills. They made him "nervous and uptight." They also made his mind "crystal clear." When he realized the effect they were having, "I tossed out every one of the damned things."

Tried marijuana once and took Benzedrine for a while. "One time [Ike] made me eat a whole pound cake."

Dad and mom were alcoholics.

After working all night at a summer job, "I would pick up a box of corn flakes, a quart of milk, and about a dozen bananas. Then I would sit down before I went to bed and eat it all. One day I did this and got sick.... So I stopped eating bananas."

CRIMES

Stole marbles from a general store at age five. Got in trouble with the IRS over investors who lost money in Twitty City.

He and Jackie O. poured coffee on people from her Fifth Avenue apartment.

Wanted to be a preacher, but was too shy.

"I believed in God, or something."

Always religious, Rosey was born again through the ministrations of TV evangelist Dr. Fred Price. This new awareness prompted him to start dating his ex-wife, whom he wooed by confiding, "Babe, I'm a new creature in Christ.... I'm a brand new man—and you can't get any better than brand new."

"Just because you can sing songs doesn't make you any more talented or any different from a man who drives a truck...."

"You get that cotton today because tomorrow the weather might change and ruin the crop."

"I came to look at the man in my life as my dessert.... and my dessert is on the way."

"Sometimes you've got to let *everything* go.... If you are unhappy with anything... whatever is bringing you down, get rid of it. Because you'll find that when you're free, your true creativity, your true self comes out."

"Wherever I went with [Bobby Kennedy], thousands of people turned out to hear Bobby speak. At some of the places, he asked me to sing 'Spanish Harlem.' I was amazed when people swooned! Things like that emboldened me to think that I could make a difference."

As her mother said, "Life isn't just a bowl of cherries, baby, and the sooner you learn that, the better."

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

"Twitty City is a tremendous investment but... it's my way of showing my appreciation and giving back something to the public...."

Ethel Kennedy chartered a plane to take Rosey and other campaigners to the fund-raiser. "No less than Eddie Fisher, Connie Stevens, and a rock group were on that plane.... I also met a lot of the stars" See 1

"There were times when I was more at home in front of millions of people than I was at home. If I have one regret, it's that I didn't know then why that was. The good news is I know it now."

"IT'S THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHO MATTER"

REGRETS

MISSED OPPORTUNITIES

RATIONALIZATIONS

ESPECIALLY GOOD QUOTES

OBYVIOUS OMISSIONS

BEST PHOTO CAPTION

LAST LINE

Being traded from the Giants to the Rams. "This was harder to take than my father's death. At least I had had time to prepare for that...."

"With Ethel beside me, I could see over the crowd that Bobby was not far ahead of us. I was trying to catch up. Then he turned a corner. That's when the shots rang out."

"When President Reagan visited the Bittenberg [sic] cemetery in West Germany...outraged cries came from around the globe. Reagan's point in making the visit, alas, was missed. That point was not martyrdom, nor its rights or wrongs. The point was reconciliation."

When he was eleven, his family moved from Georgia to New Jersey. "As the train kept pushing northward, I watched the fields rushing by...The clackety-clack of the train wheels seemed to be saying, 'Headed for the Promised Land, headed for the Promised Land.'"

"I wasn't as smart then as I am now. But who ever is?"

"I love it when the clothes are expensive. You know why? They look right and they last."

"I love being a woman. I love every oil...every bottle of perfume, anything made for women. And we need that stuff. It really says something about us, and I think it's fantastic."

"Sometimes I feel like a whore—like those nights when I'm on stage performing and pretending to enjoy myself so that everybody else can enjoy themselves."

"How much is Conway Twitty worth today? Conway shakes his head when asked that question—not because he does not know the answer, but because he cannot, for the life of him, understand why anybody would care."

The down side of being named Conway Twitty.

"Although the subject of this conversation on the 'Dinah Shore Show' was clearly hilarious, Conway admits that he cannot recall what was so funny...."

"I just don't want to give up—ever."

"Guts. That's what Mama had all right."

"[Garry Moore] is loved by everyone who worked with him. Because he cares."

Her daughter's drug problems, which Carol says she will discuss in her next book.

"Pulling my ear with Nanny (1961)."

"I'm not odd because sometimes I needlepoint. I know who I am. Do you?"

"My address is 3005 South Grand, Los Angeles, California 90007."

I would call her and say, 'Look, I'm standing down here by the railroad track, and I've got a dime on the track. I'm waiting for a train to come along and flatten it out. Do you want to come down and join me?' And she would laugh."

I admired: Shirley MacLaine, Andy Williams and his wife...I kept saying to myself, 'I don't believe this!'... We went to Averell Harriman's home and partied all night."

The Rise and Fall of Washington's Pushiest Couple



IT HAD BEEN GOING SO WELL for the wife of the Canadian ambassador to the U.S. She'd passed herself off as a comic writer and social observer, and the famous and powerful were beating a path to her Washington lair. But all that changed a year ago this month, when she publicly whacked her social secretary across the cheek. Our LIZ EMBRY had a privileged peek inside the now crumbling world of the Gotliebs. She escaped with her life.

ON PAPER, SONDRA GOTLIEB SEEMED LIKE a find. Funny, bright and irreverent; celebrated food writer and (in *The Washington Post* and *Vanity Fair*) humorist; refreshingly unschooled in the ways of social Washington and yet effortlessly successful at them. She was the steadfast wife of a successful man, and a woman of some note in her own right. Such a package!

I simply can't tell you how disappointed I was to find out that Sondra Gotlieb wasn't anything like that at all.

I had come into the Gotliebs' Rock Creek Drive home expecting to find Daphne du Maurier's bewitching Rebecca; Sondra Gotlieb had told me she felt like Mrs. de Winter. I left with the impression that I had just met Mrs. Danvers.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. I'll tell you this, though: right from the start, female intuition told me that reality was at odds with the image. On the night of one of their big parties I arrived as requested, a little early. There seemed to be nobody on the ground floor, and I thought it a good time to give the place the once-over. I was scouting doors for the powder room when I accidentally opened one that led into a small anteroom, where a hairstylist was refurbishing Mrs. Gotlieb's 'do. He had curled it around on top of her head as one might do to an exceptionally large blob of brown Dream Whip. It looked ghastly. My reaction must have shown on my face, because she shot me a look that could have opened a manhole cover at 50 feet. Thank goodness we had already had a number of lengthy talks, because although I was a guest, off and on, at her home over the next ten days, she never said another word to me.

Mrs. Gotlieb came out of the anteroom 15 minutes before the guests were to arrive. The servants were making last-minute adjustments to tables and place settings, and Mrs. Gotlieb, acting every inch the chatelaine of the manor, began pacing the center hall, periodically hiking up her evening dress and checking her hair in the mirror. In the living room I found her husband, Ambassador Allan Gotlieb, gingerly fingering his hair into place and rehearsing the toast he was to give later that evening.

In Washington, dinner at eight means just that, and as the hour sounded, limousines began depositing the important and the celebrated at the Gotliebs' doorstep.

On this crisp Friday night the couple had decided to throw a black-tie dinner for 65, in honor of themselves. (I always thought that was the sort of thing *others* are supposed to do for you. But sweetie, what do I know—I'm just an internist's daughter from Davenport, Iowa.) One by one, the arrivals filed into the rotunda to have the air near their cheeks kissed by Mrs. Gotlieb. It didn't take long before a fair sampling of Washington power and influence were saying their hellos to one another over cocktails in the living room. I was certainly impressed. In various clusters scattered here and there about the living room were Ed Meese, Paul Volcker (who brought a weirdly corny gift for the Gotliebs—a Plexiglas cube full of shredded currency) and Katharine Graham. Former talent agent Charles Wick was at the piano. Mingling with the other guests were then National Security Adviser John Poindexter, Barbara Walters, Sally Quinn and Gotlieb's two *Washington Post* bosses, executive editor Ben Bradlee and editorial page editor Meg Greenfield. Also working the room were foreigners (and Condé Nast editors) Harry Evans and

The anti-apartheid demonstrators at the South African embassy around the corner have given Sondra Gotlieb tons of trouble. "They park in front of our place and



THE HARRIDAN'S HAND

throw their Colonel Sanders chicken in our yard. Every demonstration attracts riffraff of some sort"

Tina Brown and Canadian film director Norman Jewison; David Brinkley; Vernon Jordan; arms-control schlump Kenneth Adelman; and AFL-CIO president Lane Kirkland.

This, I had been told, was pretty much dinner as usual for the Gotliebs—a heightened pitch of social activity that accrues to one naturally if, like the Gotliebs, you are Washington's compelling social couple of the moment. In a remarkably short time, they had elbowed their way up alongside the enduring social powers of Washington: Evangeline Bruce, the well-married Pamela Harriman, Mrs. Graham, Clare Boothe Luce (who even in her eighties still gives dinner dances at the Sulgrave Club), Isabella Gardner Coolidge, George and Liz Stevens, Lady Marjorie Wright and Jack Kent Cooke.

For their scurry up the social ladder, it is said, Mrs. Gotlieb cast herself as a latter-day Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Washington's legendary grande dame. Unless Mrs. Roosevelt was a tiresome snob and a social bully—and by most accounts she was not—I'm afraid I just don't buy the parallel. I *had* heard, though, that like Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Gotlieb had a tart tongue—and she does. She uses it, though, not to amuse and engagingly abuse her rich and famous guests but to terrorize her hapless

underlings at the embassy and the embassy residence. When I asked them what Mrs. Gotlieb was *really* like, they rolled their eyes and, in the case of two, actually shuddered in the knowledge of past and impending fears. I used the word *harridan* in reference to Mrs. Gotlieb a number of times, and no one ever stopped to correct me.

The Gotliebs managed nonetheless to fashion for the embassy residence a reputation as a salon of sorts—a gathering place for powerful, interesting people and fast, interest-

ing talk. As the exception proving the rule, the Gotliebs had the Sunday before held a brunch for more than 60 people in honor of bookie's son and *TV Guide* publisher Walter Annenberg (although in Washington he is forever referred to as Ambassador) and his wife, Lee. The Gotliebs had met the Annenbergs the year before, in Palm Springs, on one of the jaunts for which they were later criticized in their home country because they had charged the expenses for the trip to the government. At any rate, the Sunday turnout for the Gotliebs' new best friends included Warren Burger, Donald Regan, Bob and Dolores Hope, Jeane Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Edgar Bergen.

Like many of the Gotliebs' past parties, the Friday and Sunday affairs were highly sociable, but Washington being Washington, there was an underlying, unsmiling current of purpose about them. The Washingtonians present apparently *felt* festive, but everyone seemed wooden and formal. Nobody said any-

thing nasty about anyone. And nobody smoked! How can you possibly have a salon without cigarette smoke? Nobody drank much, either. (I was the veritable booze monkey of both affairs, and I drink hardly at all.) As ever in Our Nation's Capital, all anyone talked about was politics—not sophisticated policy nuance, and not even interesting gossip, but the dullest kinds of news-magazine verities. Even the real estate talk that dominates New York dinner party conversation would have been refreshing by comparison.

My problem was that I had gone to the Gotliebs' expecting to have a good time. And in the capital, that is precisely *not* the point. As a general rule, Washington social affairs rarely are venues for frolic and gaiety and are nothing if not work with a change of clothes. "Parties are part of the culture of the town, as are the museums and as are the theaters," Allan Gotlieb told me somberly. "The workplace and the social place are two dimensions of a single thing—the sense of purpose in power towns, so to speak. In fact, *party* is an unfortunate word, because parties are serious business here."

"*Party* is an unfortunate word. To hear the Gotliebs tell it, it's no lark planning and orchestrating an evening's entertainment in Washington. On any given night there are 20 or 30 major dinner parties, and competition for big-name guests is fierce. Ridgewells, the old-line Washington caterer, handles upwards of 9,000 parties a year, and big social draws such as Pamela Harriman, Katharine Graham, Evangeline Bruce and high-level administration people often get 25 invitations for a single evening. Connie Connor, Mrs. Gotlieb's sweet, American-born social secretary, will send out 150 invitations just to snare two or three dozen guests for a sit-down dinner.

Into this alarming social fray the Gotliebs ventured and flourished. "It was often said of us that our place [in Ottawa] was a crossroads for interesting people," Allan Gotlieb told me. "So in that sense, we continued here a tradition. We like to reach out." (Word of honor, he really said that.)

In a way, you've got to hand it to them. Neither plays tennis, virtually a social necessity in Washington, and the ambassador's \$75,000-a-year salary is probably equal to the annual clothing budgets of some of their guests. And the Gotliebs are, after all, *Canadians*, with all the potential tedium *that* implies. But Allan Gotlieb can be charming, and his wife's habit of horning in on his conversations was considered—in Washington, anyway—saucy and irreverent.

Allan Gotlieb, who will be 60 next year, was educated almost entirely outside his own country, taking his undergraduate degree at the University of California at Berkeley, a master's at Oxford (as a Rhodes scholar) and finishing at Harvard Law School, where he made *Law Review*. He worked first as a barrister in London's Inner Temple, then—grab for that brass ring, Allan!—became a career civil servant in Canada.

He likes to collect ostentatiously civilized things (leatherbound books, antique chess sets) and has a valuable collection of prints by the minor nineteenth-century French artist James Tissot. Moon-faced and beetle-browed, Gotlieb had been a mere bureaucrat for most of his working life when by 1981 he had convinced then Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau of the need for a new

public advocacy in Washington that would promote Canadian interests in ongoing disputes with the U.S. over energy, trade, fishing rights and acid rain. Gotlieb was given the Washington ambassadorship, his first diplomatic post. Working Congress and the White House more like a lobbyist than an ambassador, Gotlieb prided himself on the access that came his way as his local socializing accelerated. But his extreme closeness with Mike Deaver has proved embarrassing to both men. And for all his efforts at fostering an image of "Mr. Inside," Gotlieb only found out about recent important U.S. decisions affecting Canada (when, for instance, the White House imposed a tariff on Canadian wood shingles) on the evening news, like everyone else.

Sondra Gotlieb, the author of three books in Canada, two of them about food, achieved something of a name for herself in the capital once she began producing a fortnightly Letter from Washington column for *The Washington Post*. Written in the form of a letter home to a friend, the column depicted Mrs. Gotlieb as a social free spirit, bemused by but uninterested in worming her way into Washington society. It aspires to the little-world-of-our-own flavor of Wodehouse, and it is peopled by characters named in a lame Perelmanesque vein: socialite Popsie Tribble, famous columnist Lionel Portant, diplomat Baron Spitte and lobbyist Joe Promisall. I have heard that some people find the column funny. I confess I never have. Carl Bernstein told me once that the reporters at the *Post* find its presence in their paper humiliating. A year and a half ago a small Washington publisher put together a collection of these columns under the title "*Wife of...*," subtitled *An Irreverent Account of Life in Powerstown*, and for months afterward copies of the book were displayed prominently on a table in the residence's vestibule. I asked Allan Gotlieb about his wife, and he said this: "Somebody once said, 'She's crazy—like a fox.' I say, 'No one has programmed her software.' I think he thought this was funny. *Such a Canadian*."

Neither of the Gotliebs is shy about discussing their dramatic social ascension. (Postslap, they wisely clammed up.) At first, Mrs. Gotlieb says, they were invited out only infrequently and spent many evenings sitting on the chesterfields in the residence study. "And we'd look at each other," she recalls, "and say, 'What are we supposed to do?' And Allan would say, 'Don't ask me, I've never been an ambassador before.'"

That all changed when they decided to host a dinner party for the visiting Canadian external affairs minister. A flurry of invitations went out. "We didn't know anybody here," Mrs. Gotlieb told me, "so we just picked out famous names." Names like then Secretary of State Alexander Haig and Caspar Weinberger. "And they all put us on hold—they wouldn't say yes or no. Everybody said, 'Don't take it personally, it's just the way Washington is.' And then Weinberger called about four days before the party and said he was coming, and Haig called five minutes later. Well, then we told the social secretary to drop those names to the rest of the people, and they all accepted that day." What happened next is a story Sondra Gotlieb has told quite literally hundreds of times, each time with the purpose of casting herself as the thoroughly charming, guileless social naïf that, of course, she isn't. I could describe what happened next, but why not

let the lady tell it herself: "Everybody came early and I was standing at the door and the people sort of knocked me down as they came in and they all knew each other and started talking to each other and I realized, *Hey, I'm the hostess here, I'd better get control of the situation*. And I went up to one man and said, 'I'm Sondra Gotlieb, the wife of the Canadian ambassador and your hostess, and I wonder if you wouldn't mind introducing me to some of my guests after you tell me your name.' And he said, 'Well, I'm Ben Bradlee and I'm the editor of *The Washington Post*.'"

The Gotliebs' next step was to pick up on an old social gambit in the capital: you throw a party for someone that everyone else wants to meet—even if you do not know the honoree yourself—and step back as Washington clambers to your door. In the months just after the Reagans moved into the White House, the trick in Washington was to get near the people closest to them. Mrs. Gotlieb had attended a luncheon with the wife of newly appointed Attorney General William French Smith, and at her husband's suggestion, she called and said that the Gotliebs would like to throw a party for them. The attorney general and his wife proved to be a handsome draw, and on the night of their party the Gotliebs were rewarded with a half dozen senior administration people and a mummeration of senators and socialites. In Washington society, as Sondra Gotlieb quickly discovered, nominal importance plus pushiness equals success.

Both Gotliebs were eager to share their tips for social success with me. In drawing up their guest lists—a task that often occupies whole weekends—the couple told me, they go for Names first. Allan Gotlieb seems to have the whole thing pretty well figured out. "The sine qua non in a good Washington party is to have people that other people want to see. They don't particularly want to see foreigners, [those] outside of the people that play in the American power system, in the American power grid. Of course, a celebrity foreigner they are *very* interested in. Washingtonians also like to see people who are socially prominent. They also want the spouses, the ladies. But in that sense, they want those that are socially in the news, or socially important. You want administration. You want people who are interesting per se and come from maybe a social milieu. You want important people." In other words, I guess he was saying, you want people who are important. But there's more. Gotlieb said they also try for "lawyers who are very prominent in the party structures, Democratic or Republican. *And their personality helps*."

The ambassador likes to handle the wine selection himself. He told me, though, that his own highly attuned palate is at odds with the baser tastes of his guests. "Washingtonians," he told me, "are not all that interested in good wine. They have no nose. On the other hand, they like to think they're drinking good wine, *if somebody tells them they're drinking good wine*. But they are not really appreciative of the wines."

Another essential ingredient of a really good Washington party, Allan Gotlieb instructs, is a clever seating arrangement. "This," he says, "is the critical thing. It is by far the most [difficult, because] a party means basically who is on your left and who is on your right." He says that when it comes to seating, guests, like real estate

"I guess the most boorish guests were the meat packers. They got a little drunk and they didn't want to leave. So we

developers, are interested in just three words: *location, location, location*. "And really, quite often—not to toot our horn—I do hear that people who come to our parties say, 'Well, I was really delighted to meet So-and-so....'"

What the Gotliebs fail to mention in their list of party musts is that for a *really exciting time* there's nothing quite like a good old-fashioned catfight on the front steps as the guests are arriving. This Mrs. Gotlieb gloriously provided when she whacked her social secretary not once but twice across the face, after the secretary told her that Dick Darman had canceled his plans to come to a dinner the Gotliebs were throwing that night for visiting Canadian prime minister Brian Mulroney. The slap may have surprised the people who had read all those puffy magazine and newspaper profiles of her. But to those who knew her well, Sondra Gotlieb had



turned off the lights, and they were wandering around in the dark"

simply blown her cover. The nasty truth was out: far from being an easygoing and gifted social amateur, she was, rather, the antithesis—an extravagantly pushy high hat who would fawn like an excited puppy when guests were around and stomp about the house barking out orders to servants and staff when they weren't. It became unavoidably apparent that her social climb was all-important, all-demanding. She was shown to be every bit the sort of striving matron she ridiculed in her *Post* column. Social Washington immediately closed ranks around her after the slap. They knew they had been taken in by her, but they weren't about to admit as much in public.

But for Mrs. Gotlieb, life in the embassy residence was never without its hardships. "We've had so much trouble," she says, referring to the South African embassy just around the corner. "The demonstrators are practically at our *doorstep*. So what happens is, they park in front of our place and throw their Colonel Sanders chicken in our yard. Every demonstration attracts riff-raff of some sort."

Mrs. Gotlieb must also brave the thoughtlessness of the people she and her husband invite into their home. "I guess the most boorish guests were the meat packers," she told me. "They got a little drunk and they didn't want to leave." A hostess is not without her tricks, how-

ever. "So we turned off the lights," Mrs. Gotlieb recalled, "and they were wandering around in the dark."

"[People will] come an hour early, or something like that," she added. "Some group came [when Allan] was having a meeting, and [he] asked them to leave. So one woman was insulted. But this would not be *Washington*. This would be people who are coming to stargaze. You know what I mean?"

Most annoying of all to Mrs. Gotlieb are guests with acquisitive fingers. She fears especially for her collection of small cigarette cases. "People think they're in a hotel," she shrieks, "and that they can take away things as souvenirs!" It's tacky and insulting to her guests and Mrs. Gotlieb really hates having to do it, but she simply must, she says, clear away all her cigarette cases for large parties. Sure enough, at both the black-tie party on Friday night and the brunch for the Annenbergs on Sunday, the cigarette cases were not in evidence. Mrs. Gotlieb's security measures notwithstanding, a family portrait disappeared the evening of the black-tie party. I know this because I got a phone call a couple of days later inquiring if I had, perhaps, "borrowed" the photograph. Mrs. Gotlieb had one of the people at the embassy handle this unpleasant business—on account of her being too much of a lady, don't you know.

As one of the Gotlieb parties I attended drew to a close, I really couldn't recall ever having been in such a hurry to see the backs of two people's heads. All that remained was Allan Gotlieb's toast. (I was horrified to learn from him that he delivers one at almost every party they give.) I was in such a rush to leave that, to be frank, I heard little of what the ambassador said in his speech. I admired, however, the seasoned way he managed to pick up his train of thought after each of his wife's many interruptions, each of which drew successively less nervous laughter from the guests. I was about to bolt for the coatroom when Ed Meese stood to offer a toast to the Gotliebs. His remarks alluded to how much Washington would miss the couple once they were gone and what their plans might be for the future. I knew that an original (preslap) plan had it that the couple would stay in Washington until, say, this year, when Allan Gotlieb would leave government for private business, probably in Toronto, where their daughter lives. This might have been a cover for what was reportedly his true intent—to join Mike Deaver's public relations firm, a plan that was quered when Deaver's entrepreneurial zeal was exposed as being a trifle unseemly. Ask most people about the Gotliebs these days and they will say that they have, in effect, already gone back to Canada. *Forgotten but not gone*, to borrow a George Kaufman line.

As Meese lifted his glass to the couple, the time neared 10:30 p.m. Within minutes chauffeurs had been summoned and the guests had begun to depart. Mrs. Gotlieb looked pleased with herself. "In Washington," she had told me earlier, "it doesn't matter whether you're a movie star or whether you're in real estate or whether you're in government. There's always one marvelous thing to talk about, and that's politics. I like Washington for that reason." Most of her guests had left, and I was about to do the same myself when I passed by the living room and paused to contemplate the few stragglers—not drinking, not smoking, lost to the world and dancing to the sound of politics. 3

The Duchess of Windsor was wrong. Even when her weight dropped to 87 pounds, resulting in hemorrhaging ulcers, she clung with bony hands to a pillow bearing her famous motto. Some call this class. We call it extremism. As NELL SCOVELL discovered, the evidence suggests that indeed, you can be

too rich

In New York there is an inverse relationship between a woman's dress size and the size of her apartment. A size 2 gets a 14-room apartment. A size 14 gets a two-room apartment. This phenomenon is counterintuitive, since the larger woman would seem to need more space. But need has nothing to do with it.

Rubenesque heft on a woman used to be a sure sign of wealth, as only the rich could afford to eat well. At Le Cirque these days, the ladies who lunch play with their \$28 prix fixe meals and come out thinner than they went in. Miraculously, even those who like to eat *seem not to gain weight*. (In fact, one moneyed scarecrow donates her soiled couture castoffs to the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute. Soiled, says an Institute source, not with sweat or champagne, but with vomit.)

Such emaciation is worth nothing if it is not flaunted: diamond chokers clasp chicken necks, Chanel chains bind boyish hips, emeralds droop from shriveled earlobes. And doesn't it seem that the more the wife diets, the more the husband balloons? (It's all those power breakfasts—a necessary part of fulfilling the "too rich" half of the aphorism.) Evenings, the couples march off to black-tie affairs looking like Olive Oyl and Bluto.

Still, self-deprivation can pay off. Look at Nancy Reagan and Princess Diana. But the line between elegance and anorexia is, well—oh, all right—extremely thin. Which of these women cross it? Decide for yourself.



ANNE BASS
Smoking through dinner and taking ballet class every day help keep five-foot-six-inch Anne Bass in a size 4. If she had been staying at 98 pounds for her husband, oil millionaire Sid Bass, her labors were futile. Last fall he ran off with another skinny, Mercedes Kellogg. But he need never worry about confusing them in the dark. "Mrs. Kellogg has more curve than Mrs. Bass," says Boaz Mazor, of Oscar de la Renta. "Mrs. Bass has very nice legs and large shoulders, but she is very flat. Frankly, Mrs. Bass has no bust at all."

Still, Anne Bass might wind up with as much as \$400 million from her pending divorce settlement (and the continued company of dancer turned walker Peter Martins).

Photograph by Marina Garnier



MERCEDES KELLOGG

"You listen to your body and it tells you the things you want," says Mercedes Kellogg, Sid Bass's new squeeze and the estranged wife of former ambassador Francis Kellogg. "If you're craving meat, you need the blood." Though five feet six and three-quarters inches tall and 110 pounds, Kellogg maintains that she has never dieted. "I smoke, I drink, I eat," she says. "I used to weigh 125 pounds, but it was puppy fat. I lost the weight by moving houses." A size 4 or 6, Kellogg says, "I have tried everything in exercise, but it does not agree with me."

Financially, Kellogg is a questionable starter on this list, but partisans say she's bound to make the move from Park to Fifth with her new steady.



NAN KEMPNER

At five feet nine inches, Nan Kempner, wife of Loeb Partners Corporation chairman Tom Kempner, is the tallest size 4 on the list. Still, she says, "I am *faux maigre*—I look thinner than I am." Unlike most of the rapaciously scrawny, Kempner does not weigh herself obsessively. "The last time I weighed myself, I was under 115—but I was wearing a big fur coat and shoes at the time." She claims she doesn't starve herself, either. "She eats like a horse," says Glenn Bernbaum, owner of Mortimer's. Kempner does, however, have an aversion to sweetbreads and oysters. "The last time I ate an oyster, I was three years old—they're ugly, slimy, icky-poo," she says. "Other than that, I'll eat anything and anyone."



BROOKE HAYWARD

Despite Brooke Hayward's efforts to affect a matronly look, enshrouding her thin hips and flat chest in earth-mother draperies, her chicken neck tells all. The five-foot-seven-inch Broadway brat wears a size 6 and weighs between 108 and 110 pounds. "I don't like the look of very thin women, especially past the age of 45," she says. Hayward is 49 and attributes her weedy figure to genetics, not willpower. "I don't diet at all. I eat three meals a day," she says. "What's more, to be really hideous, I don't exercise at all." Hayward's best-selling 1977 autobiography, *Haywire*, was turned into a miniseries, and husband Peter Duchin pulls in \$5 million a year from his dance band business.

& too thin



HELEN GURLEY BROWN

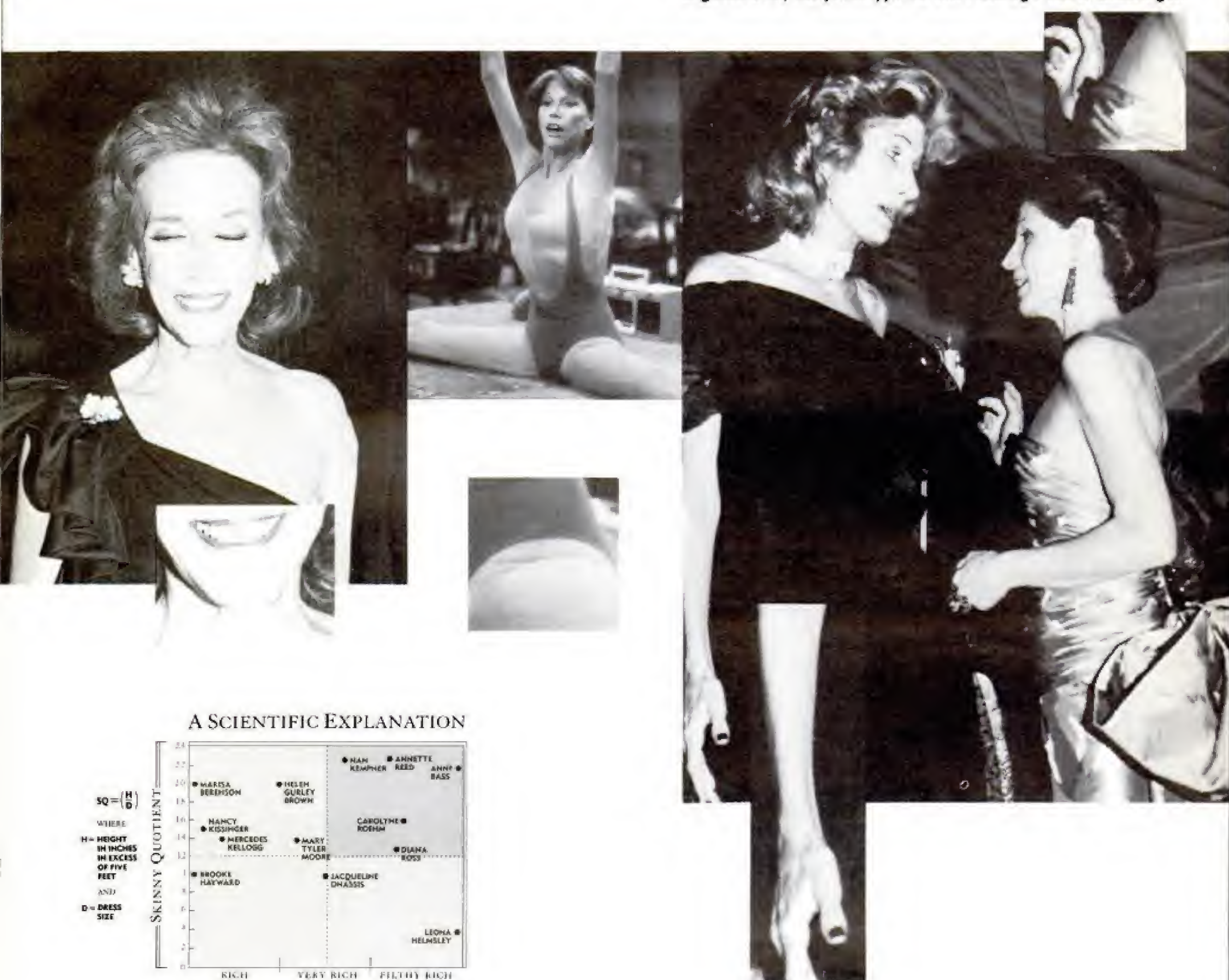
"I weigh 105 and I'm five feet four inches tall," says *Cosmopolitan* editor Helen Gurley Brown. But sometimes fat people consumed with jealousy try to thwart her dieting efforts. "One aggravated hostess put chocolate chips in my Sanka out in the kitchen one day, then gleefully told me what she had done after I drank. Bitch!" wrote Brown in *Having It All*. These saboteurs "can't stand that you have the discipline to do what you did. If you weigh less than they do, they want you to gain," she said recently. The wife of film producer David (Jaws) Brown and a resident of the Beresford, she admits that staying a size 2 is hard work. "I'm always feeling guilty or hungry—one or the other."

MARY TYLER MOORE

Remember how cute 'n' curvy Laura Petrie looked in her stretch pants? Today those pants would billow. At five feet seven inches, Mary Tyler Moore wears a size 6, although her publicist says she "lost a lot of weight" filming her 1986 smash, *Just Between Friends*. In the movie she aerobicized maniacally, looking like a stick of beef jerky in a leotard (inset). Moore, a diabetic, avoids sugar and goes to ballet class every day. As part owner and chairman of MTM Productions, Moore is worth about \$30 million.

NANCY KISSINGER (left) Nearly six feet tall and a size 8, Nancy Kissinger looks as if she's been stretched on a rack, with special attention lavished on the arms (inset). Her secret? A lethal regimen of Coke and cigarettes. As for exercise, Kissinger has been known to go a few rounds at an airport now and then. Henry's company, Kissinger Associates, reportedly grosses \$4 million a year—enough to keep her in Coke, Virginia Slims and a Riverhouse co-op.

ANNETTE REED (right) The wispy five-foot-five-and-a-half-inch, 98-pound Annette Reed slips easily into a size 2, but it wasn't always that way. "I used to be enormous," Reed says of her teen years, when she bloated to 150 pounds. Strangely, though her waist now measures an ethereal 21.5 inches and her back is topographically indistinguishable from her chest (inset), old feeding habits endure. "No wheat germ for me," she says. "I love candy bars and Coca-Cola." Reed lives in a suite at the Carlyle to be near her boyfriend, bald designer Oscar de la Renta, but she doesn't have to worry about the hotel bill (rates start at \$10,700 per month). *Forbes* estimates that Reed, her four sisters and her mother, Jane Engelhard, are worth over \$365 million, thanks to the late mineral magnate Charles Engelhard Jr., the prototype for Ian Fleming's Auric Goldfinger.



CAROLYNE ROEHM

Carolyn Roehm is all angles: nose, chin, shoulders and elbows all jut like sharpened steel. And yet Roehm's chest is strangely flat. At five feet nine and a half inches, she weighs 120 pounds and wears a size 6. Her husband, Henry Kravis, the leveraged-buyout specialist, is worth at least \$180 million; they have bought a \$5.5 million Park Avenue apartment and a \$1.43 million Renoir. Kravis—perhaps threatened with a sharp hipbone—also staked his wife millions when she launched her own couture line.

DIANA ROSS

Diana Ross's hunger for fame has clearly overwhelmed her hunger for food. Her vital statistics: five feet three and a half inches tall; size 2/4; seven-year, \$20 million RCA recording contract, which she supplements with Motown royalties and \$300,000-a-week appearances in Las Vegas and Atlantic City. Onstage, Ross wears skintight costumes—a major change from the 1960s, when she used to pad her hips and bosom. Her nose has also gotten noticeably, surgically thinner since then.

MARISA BERENSON

Large (five feet eight inches tall) and lean (less than 115 pounds), ex-model Marisa Berenson wears a size 4 and avoids sidewalk grates. The granddaughter of Elsa Schiaparelli, grandniece of Bernard Berenson, daughter of Robert L. Berenson and estranged wife of Trump lawyer and publicity hound Richard Golub, she now claims to be pursuing a film career in Europe. Like Helen Gurley Brown and Annette Reed, Berenson nicely exemplifies the super-svelte "chicken wing syndrome."

JACQUELINE ONASSIS

Although five foot six and a size 6, Onassis has a penchant for long-sleeved gowns that nearly excluded her from this list. But her bony hands give her away (inset). Perhaps she should return to wearing the little white gloves that she popularized as first lady. A slavish exerciser, Onassis jogs every day and rides nearly every weekend. She lives on Fifth Avenue and is estimated to be worth \$25 million, despite her tiny salary as an editor at Doubleday. Sister Lee Radziwill, who is even slimmer than Onassis, would have made the list had she not taken a public relations job at Giorgio Armani. Apparently she needed the money.



YOU THINK IT'S TOUGH TO BE

During any given

happy in New York? You don't know

lunch hour; the average

how tough. *We* certainly didn't, until

New Yorker's chances of

we commissioned noted statisticians

finding a nice, rodent-free,

CHRIS STERN and WILL DANA.

legal apartment in

The grim reality: all urban dreams

Manhattan are 1 in 992,053.

end in utter despair. When it comes

Happy hunting

to finding happiness in New York,

No the
ODDS
are
AGAINST
you



SO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR AN APARTMENT IN THE CITY

THERE ARE 7,086,096 people in New York City, and 70 percent of them are apartment dwellers.

THAT MEANS that 4,960,267 New Yorkers are competing for the 1,866,962 rental apartments in the city.

EACH YEAR, though, 35,000 of those rentals are lost to co-op conversions and another 25,000 prime apartments are warehoused by landlords waiting to convert them into co-ops.

WHICH LEAVES just 1,806,962 apartments.

BUT 1 in 5 of those is leased illegally, which leaves just 1,445,570 legally leased apartments in the city.

SAY, THOUGH, you want to live in a decent building in a decent area. Is that so much to ask?

APPARENTLY, YES. Precisely 20.5 percent of the rental apartments are on blocks with boarded-up buildings, and another 21.3 percent are in buildings with at least 3 major maintenance problems. Ten percent of all New Yorkers feel they live in bad neighborhoods, and 29 percent of all apartments are infested with rodents.

WHICH LEAVES just 277,549 *nice* New York City apartments.

BUT LET'S FACE IT: you want to live in Manhattan. And the island is home to only 35 percent of all New York City rentals.

WHICH LEAVES just 97,142 *nice* apartments *in Manhattan*.

THEN YOU HAVE to factor in the vacancy rate, which this year is estimated at 2 percent.

WHICH LEAVES just 1,942 *available, nice, rodent-free* and legal apartments in Manhattan.

AND SINCE there are 365 days a year, on any given day there are only 5 available apartments. And remember that 4,960,267 other people *want those five apartments*. Remember too that for most of us, apartment hunting is limited to lunch hour, a couple of hours after work and weekends. Which means that in any given hour free for apartment hunting, the average New Yorker's chances of finding a nice apartment are, oh, about 1 in 992,053.

SOMEDAY YOUR PRINCE WILL COME

YOU'RE A SINGLE WOMAN in your thirties and you want to raise some kids and grow old with a man you love.

THERE ARE approximately 543,194 single people between the ages of 30 and 40 in New York City.

UNFORTUNATELY, there are only 7.7 men for every 10 women.

WHICH MEANS there are 306,889 single women in New York City competing for 236,305 single men.

BUT AT LEAST 13 percent of these bachelors are gay, which leaves a possible pool of 205,585 available men—minus those already irretrievably involved in a romantic



relationship (let's say about half). Also, 38,066 of the men in New York City are homeless.

FACTOR IN TOO the 2 percent of American males who are in prison and another 2 percent who are in mental institutions. Another 11 percent are suffering from chronic erectile dysfunction. Then you have to eliminate the 14 percent who are alcoholics and the 24 percent who abuse drugs. And don't forget that 10 percent of American men don't get married before age 40.

THE FINAL NUMBER of sane, stable, law-abiding, available men whom a woman might want to marry is 23,949.

LET'S SAY you're over 30 years old and you beat the 1-in-13 odds and land one of these prizes. (The recent, oft-cited Yale University "Marriage Patterns in the United States" study says that if you are over 35 and you do find a mate, you are in the lucky 3.9 percent.)

UNFORTUNATELY, about 50 percent of all marriages end in divorce.

AND IN THOSE THAT SURVIVE, a recent and rather frightening study claims that 70 percent of all male partners under the age of 40 say they expect to have an affair.

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN? Simply this: for a woman in New York between the ages of 30 and 40, the chances of finding and keeping a solvent, sane, stable and faithful husband are about 1 in 85. Happy hunting!



AND YOU WANT YOUR CHILD TO HAVE IT ALL

RAISING A CHILD in the city with the hope that someday he or she will become a well-paid partner at, say, Shearman & Sterling or Davis Polk & Wardwell presents you with two options. You can take the high, expensive road or the low, inexpensive road. The high road has the better chance.

IN 1983, there were 17,565 births in Manhattan. Which means that this year there are about the same number of aspiring 4-year-olds ready to begin the long trek to Davis Polk.

THE FIRST STEP is to get your child into a prestigious preschool. Good ones, such as St. Bart's, cost \$3,650 annually and accept only about 20 percent of all applicants.

BUT LET'S BE GENEROUS and assume our little candidate is of superior intellect and manner and is accepted into one of these prestigious preschools.

THE NEXT HURDLE is gaining entrance to a posh, nonboarding private school. (A school like Trinity, for example, takes just 13.7 percent of the applicants for its kindergarten class.)

SO BY THE BEGINNING of first grade, the field has shrunk to 481.

THEN YOUTHFUL VICES can tempt a budding barrister from the virtuous path: 46 percent of New York high school students smoke marijuana (13 percent smoke in the morning, before school even starts); 16 percent of high school students have used cocaine; and about 4 out of 10 high school girls get pregnant (35,469 pregnancies were reported in the city in 1985). But let's forget all that. Dropout rates, even in private schools, can be as high as 32 percent. Again, let's be kind. Let's halve this percentage.

SO LET'S SAY your kid is one of the 404 grinds and weenies who stay the course and graduate from the better prep schools, such as Trinity, Collegiate, Buckley and Dalton. What next?

NEXT IS THE IVY LEAGUE. Unfortunately, schools like Harvard and Yale accept just 1 out of 8 applicants.

WHICH SHAVES our field to 50. Approximately \$75,000 later, let's just say 75 percent of our entrants graduate and all want to continue on to Harvard Law School. Their chances of getting into Harvard Law are 1 in 10.

ASSUME THAT your aspirant is one of the 4 lucky ones. To get a job at a major New York firm such as Davis Polk, he or she had better make Law Review, which only 25 in a class of 500 manage to do. Let's say, just for fun, that one of our candidates makes it and ultimately graduates.

HE OR SHE is then thrown into the pool to get into Davis Polk. The firm turns down 50 applicants for each one it takes aboard as an associate.

THEN THE CHOSEN begin a 7-year ordeal of 80-hour weeks that is a prerequisite for—but no guarantee of—becoming a partner. Out of that initial group of 50 associates, only about 7, say, will be rewarded with full partnerships.

YOU MAY NOT WANT to read any further. When it comes down to it, the chances of your preschooler getting through preschool, prep school, an Ivy League college, Harvard Law and Law Review and finally making partner at Davis Polk are about 1 in 33,103,266.

ONE FINAL WARNING to those who foolishly dream of a secure and fulfilling life in the city: the chances of being a happily married female Davis Polk partner in a nice Manhattan apartment are 1 in 2,791,400,000,000,000.

TAKE HEED, for alas, the numbers never lie. ☹





WHO BUTCHERED BROADWAY?

by Michèle Bennett

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

HELLO, EVERYONE! As I was saying, when it comes to music criticism, anything can happen.

So John Rockwell of *The New York Times* can compare Paul Simon not only to a "serious Woody Allen" but to Mozart. As an innocent observer, I would say that the only thing Paul Simon, Woody Allen and Mozart have in common is that all three are rather small, but if Rockwell compares Simon's talent to Mozart's, so be it. "Mr. Simon has created an album-length song cycle that far transcends the normal pop record for complexity and richness—without sacrificing the immediate appeal of any decent pop product (like, say, Mozart's 'Eine Kleine Nachtmusik' 200 years ago). . . ."

In *GQ*, Stephen Fried compared Simon to some pop products closer to home: "With *Graceland*, Simon . . . joins the handful of pop-music standard-bearers who are similarly devoted to synthesis: the Joe Jacksons, the Elvis Costellos, the Stings." The Stings?

Meanwhile, Bernard Holland of the *Times* was so moved by the Yale Chamber Music Series that he informed us of his temptation to go back to school, all things being equal. "It was an unusually instructive evening," his enthusiastic review concluded. "And indeed, had this writer been a teen-age student in

search of musical principles—selflessness, the willingness and ability to hear your colleagues, ardor that never loses control—Saturday's concert would have sent him scurrying to Yale's admission office."

Oh, for the "ardor that never loses control"! On the other hand, Donal Henahan of the *Times* revealed a little social snobbery (and his penchant for extremely creaky metaphors) in his discovery of a future diva in Susan Dunn of the Washington Opera's *Trovatore*: "Miss Dunn, whose talent may assay out as Verdian gold in spite of her origins in Bauxite, Ark., sent hopes soaring Wednesday night. . . ."

In *The New Yorker*, Andrew Porter soared into thin air like an undergraduate bluffing an essay question. "Xenakis's latest work to appear is 'Kegrops' for piano and large orchestra (with quadruple winds)," droned Porter. "The title, according to a note on the score, signifies a 'weaving together' of 'KREKOO' and 'OPSIS'; in the absence of further explanation, one presumes that some blend of 'striking the lyre' (or 'striking the loom') and 'sight' is intended." Got that? "It is hard to write about music that is simply itself," Porter added, and if that means what I think it means, he proved his point nicely in his review of *Kegrops*.

How sweet it is when someone, apart from your Reviewer of Reviewers, takes on the herculean task of reviewing them. "David Denby's review of *The Mosquito Coast* is quite the silliest and sloppiest piece of writing I have seen in a very long time," wrote Paul Theroux of East Sandwich, Massachusetts, in the Letters page of *New York* magazine. Theroux is, of course, the author of the novel on which Peter Weir's movie was based. Makes no difference to his judgment, naturally. He continued: "It is absurd that [Denby] should take off his hat to me and then talk through it. . . . It is more than a good film—it is perhaps a great one."

"Peter Weir's film is gripping, powerful, brilliantly realized and true to the novel," wrote the same Paul Theroux of East Sandwich, Massachusetts, in the Mail page of *Newsweek*. "It is a great pity that your readers have been misled that it is otherwise. That is from the horse's mouth."

And here is the horse again, in the Letters page of *Time*: "In a welter of desperate commonplaces, your critic claims that Peter Weir has made a bad job of the movie *The Mosquito Coast*. . . . As the author of the novel, I think I have greater authority than your reviewer for saying otherwise. The movie is triumphant, not only beautifully made but a great adventure, magnificently acted and directed."

The movie is nothing of the kind—but who needs my humble opinion when you have the reviewers? "*The Mosquito Coast*," Denby wrote in reply to the raving Theroux, "was panned by both critics of the *Times* and by the

critics of *Newsweek*, *Time*, *The Village Voice*, and *New York*, and ignored by the critic of *The New Yorker*. In the world of serious movie reviewing, that's about as close to a consensus as you ever get."

So on to a most important question: is the *Times*'s Frank "the Butcher of Broadway" Rich to blame for the Broadway musical season turning out to be yet another pisser? Many people believe so, particularly the producers of musicals. But consider the following reviews that appeared the morning after the Broadway opening of yet another British import, *Stepping Out*, directed by the eternally optimistic Tommy Tune.

"The play is openly manipulative. It has a puppy-like need to be liked, and to be thought funny and touching by turn. Of course, it is not. It is merely coarse, clumsy, and maudlin. Its jokes are signaled a mile off. Its characters have the depth of waxworks in cartoon. Their troubles are agony-column conventional" (Clive Barnes, the *New York Post*).

"Only a few of the actors have made the characters full enough that we can believe they have a life outside the church basement. In this production most of them are cartoon figures..." (Howard Kissel, the *Daily News*).

"If you tried to remake 'A Chorus Line' but removed the professionalism, dynamic characters, new music and pizzazz you might come up with something like 'Stepping Out'" (Allan Wallach, *New York Newsday*).

"And Mr. Tune has invested so little energy in the dialogue scenes that he seems as uninterested in them as we are. During one particularly perfunctory exchange, an irrelevant yet prolonged discussion of the perils of owning a bicycle in contemporary London, 'Stepping Out' itself seems on the verge of nodding out. Mercifully, the show-stopping finale arrives soon after, but can a show-stopper still be called a show-stopper when there isn't a show to stop?" (Frank Rich, *The New York Times*).

In the world of Broadway reviews, that's about as close to a consensus as you can get. Is Butcher of Broadway Rich to blame? Look at the reviews of the previous Broadway bomb, *Smile*, by the multit talented Marvin Hamlisch: "Nothing to smile about" (*The New Yorker*). "No laughing matter" (*New York*). "THERE ISN'T A WHOLE LOT BEHIND THIS SMILE" (the *Daily News*). "AN EMPTY 'SMILE' GREET'S BROADWAY" (*New York Newsday*). "When a show has more endings than it does numbers in its second act, that's a sure sign that it lacks creative vitality and an igniting point of view... Too many of the other smiles in 'Smile,' like those of its beauty-pageant contestants, are forced" (Frank Rich, the *Times*).

Virtually alone in finding *Smile* "a pleasure" was William A. Henry III, drama critic at *Time*. Henry III, as opposed to Henry IV, is, however, a reviewer whose critical perspective

encourages him to compare Neil Simon favorably to Eugene O'Neill, Tennessee Williams, Sam Shepard and Chekhov. At least he didn't compare him to Woody Allen and Mozart. Why, then, is the dread Frank Rich blamed for the state of Broadway, when most other reviewers are often in tune with him? It is not the personal power of Rich but the enormous power of the cultural section of the *Times*, or God, that accounts for it. The *Times* could hire Bozo the Clown as its drama critic and it would make little or no difference. Bozo would still be the most influential drama critic in America, because the *Times* has the most influential cultural section—the only influential one, I am sometimes willing to believe.

What I say is, give Bozo a break. Broadway theater has lost its way and its nerve; it no longer launches serious drama (except for the "Chekhovian" Neil Simon); it has become a British colony; it is bankrupt of its greatest invention, the American musical. Don't shoot the critic—shoot the producers. After all, Broadway reviewers, like vaudeville comics, can only be as good as their material. Spare a thought for them as they search for signs of life in "the fabulous invalid that is Broadway." They have in mind, no doubt, the mysterious short story by Gabriel García Márquez in which a terrified mother asks the doctor how her ailing child is. "Madam," replies the doctor dryly, "your child has a grave illness: he is dead." Well, I gotta go now. ☺

THOSE WHO

CAN'T,

EDIT

by Celeste de Brunhoff

REVIEW
OF
EDITORS

SURELY RUNNING A magazine is a lonely proposition. How else to explain the insecurities publishers and editors so sedulously display in the "Notes" and "Letters" they write to introduce their publications? Like children at their first sock hop, the authors alternate between bashfulness and false bravado, running a shy comb through their hair while sneaking glances across the gym at their audience, thinking only this: *Please like my magazine; please like me.*

But for droit du seigneur, these bibelots would never get into print. When staffers at

these otherwise laudable publications read the latest mucilage from on high, they know what it feels like to be a presidential aide when Ronald Reagan looks up from his carefully prepared text and begins, genially, to dither. These Letters are the coffee-table book equivalent of George Steinbrenner whacking the dirt from his Top-Siders and stepping into the batter's box to face a Roger Clemens fastball. Their writers should sport a Plimptonesque appreciation of being literary lions out of their league. Sadly, these people are serious.

Most serious of all, at least of late, is Judith Daniels, managing editor of *Life*. All *Time Inc.* publications use their Notes to take the readers behind the scenes, but Daniels's first missive, in June 1985, took us almost too far—she was revealed as a mousy hand-wringer, a June Cleaver. Daniels's "Let Me Tell You About My Week" confided, "I worry about Chris Whipple and photographer Grey Villet, who are tracking a story in South Africa. (Is this a gender difference? I wonder. Do male editors get as anxious as I do about sending reporters and photographers into countries where bombings and shootings are the norm?)" Aw, gee whiz, Mom.

But Daniels seems to have been scarred by her ill-starred note in December 1985, which gushed about the latest *Life* space cover, "this one heralding 1986 as NASA's busiest, boldest year yet. . . . And by late '86, a journalist—maybe even someone from *LIFE*—will make the trip into orbit."

Since then, Daniels's writing can't avoid creaking like a dunning notice, most notably in fasten-your-seat-belt transitions (e.g., "In this issue are two other articles that deal with subjects much in the news." Whew, made it).

And when Daniels tries to connect, to suggest that *Life*'s stories have meaning, she displays an impressively bleak myopia. In the July issue she wrote, "A story on MIAs is included to remind us of Vietnam and to raise serious questions about our government's role when the deep feelings of its citizens collide with international issues." Let us pray.

Speaking of humorless myopia (to crib a Daniels transition technique), the record for its sustained exhibition west of the Iron Curtain is held by *Time*. Following in the great *Time* tradition, the magazine's current publisher (in mid-January 1987 Robert L. Miller replaced Richard B. Thomas)—or, more precisely, the staff drone who ghostwrites A Letter From the Publisher—goose-steps to the metronome of relentless self-aggrandizement.

Time's two favorite conceits are its rapacious efficiency and its staffers' deep involvement with their subject matter. Back in October, for instance, we learned about the difficulties posed by the Reykjavík summit: a story that ended on Sunday had to be on the newsstands the next afternoon. "It was a big

story, of course [bigger than a breadbox? No, but . . .], big enough for TIME to send eight reporters and five photographers to Iceland." Everyone worked overtime, all weekend, rush, rush, rush, and they made it out on time. "A Sunday-morning presidential meeting in Iceland was a special test, but that goal is one that TIME pursues each week of the year," the alleged Thomas concluded. (In the face of such pride, I almost hesitate to point out that newspapers came out with the same information that morning.)

Time's effort to tie its staff, somehow, into the cover story must pain the employees called upon to supply the pointedly inane quotes that imply they spend all their free time musing about that week's subject. The publisher's note for January 12's cover story, AIR TRAVEL: HOW SAFE IS IT? (which arrived on newsstands the day after the worst railroad disaster in recent memory), strung together a series of blah quotes from five Time correspondents who spend a lot of time on airplanes, and featured a picture of dyspeptic-looking Chicago correspondent Lee Griggs awaiting takeoff. The point of the letter: even though these correspondents are *seasoned reporters*, they still take airplanes just like you and me, and sometimes they get nervous, just like you and me. But not too nervous, the supposed Thomas reported: "It is noteworthy that few of these reporters, many of whom log tens of thousands of miles each year, express fears for their own safety while aboard an aircraft." Given the cover story, this means either that the foolhardy reporters are hell-bent on their own destruction or, more likely, that the story exaggerates the danger in order to sell magazines.

Mix these two devices together, add a seasoned reporter or two, and you have the weekly Hardy Boys adventure story: *Sometimes only the best will do. Last week ten TIME reporters armed only with sharpened pencils and nimble wits parachuted behind enemy lines in strife-torn Afghanistan. By the way, they were weaving afghan coats. Dodging enemy gunfire, they dug out a sophisticated TIME story, a story of a country torn by strife. Their copy was smuggled into the hollowed-out runners of a dogsled, and a team of TIME-trained huskies raced the story over the tundra into jolly old England, where London Bureau Chief Barney Rubble transmitted it to New York. Says Rubble, "Of him gebed anhasa." ("I too have an afghan coat.") TIME's crack translators turned jolly old English into modern English, and our editorial staff wrote, edited and laid out the magazine in just over 16 minutes. Explained Editor in Chief Thurston Howell III, "We are a good magazine, and you may quote me on that, Staff Writer Guy D. Garcia. Whoops! I mean, you may quote me on that, Publisher Robert L. Miller, for you really do write this column."*

After *Rolling Stone* editor/publisher Jann Wenner bought *Us* and became its editor too, his chirpy, ghostwritten Letter From the Editor in the new *Us*'s first issue promised happy days ahead. "In the issues to come, we'll be introducing you to other writers, editors, and photographers contributing to *US*..."

But when Wenner finally *did* trot out his underlings, the results were harrowing. "For *US* senior editor Cyndi Stivers, reporting and writing a story about Sylvester Stallone posed as many logistical difficulties as one of Rambo's missions. Stivers had to fly out to Los Angeles in the evening, head for the *Rocky IV* set the next day to interview Stallone, then fly back in time to write the story on deadline—all in addition to writing and editing our Faces & Places section." Combat veterans agree: taking two commercial-airline flights and driving to a film set is just as logistically difficult as single-handedly rescuing prisoners from the trackless jungles of Vietnam.

Wenner, unlike his peers, wisely gave up his editorial letters.

It must be said that there are a few editors who can whet the reader's appetite without cloying it. When Wendy Reid Crisp was at *Savvy*, she wrote with humor and dash, as does the magazine's new editor in chief, Annalyn Swan.

And Betsy Carter, editor of *New York Woman*, is usually tolerable—with appalling lapses. Last October, Carter described the atmosphere at the MTV Video Music Awards: "Needless to say, on such an exciting evening tensions ran high. One rather lugubrious young worker in black hair, a black shirt, and black pants stood sullenly by the bar holding on to his broom. 'You could smile tonight,' an older man, presumably his boss, whispered. 'Gimme money,' shot back the unsmiling assistant." Ah yes, the crackle of tension that attends watching someone whisper to a sullen employee.

In the same column, Carter wrote, "Tina Turner does honor to words like cool, woman, and star—not to mention hair." I like the idea of those forlorn words loitering in the twilight of connotation, waiting for the author of *I, Tina* to fulfill them.

Speaking of Tinas (actually, Judy Daniels may be onto something with these transitions), Tina Brown heralds *Vanity Fair*'s arrival with Sacher torte prose—her favorite words are *rich* and *richly*—and soufflé sensibility. Brown's confections are eagerly awaited at Condé Nast, where her monthly preening provokes hoots of laughter.

But perhaps further consideration of Tina should wait—I worry that too long a litany of editorial sins will sadden, not delight.

Next month I'll take up Tina, *Cosmopolitan*'s Helen Gurley Brown and *Esquire*'s former owner, the dread Phillip Moffitt. ☹

NAKED

IS THE BEST DISGUISE

by Luc Sante



IN THE NINETEENTH century it was common to see young adults staggering out of the forest where they had been raised by wolves.

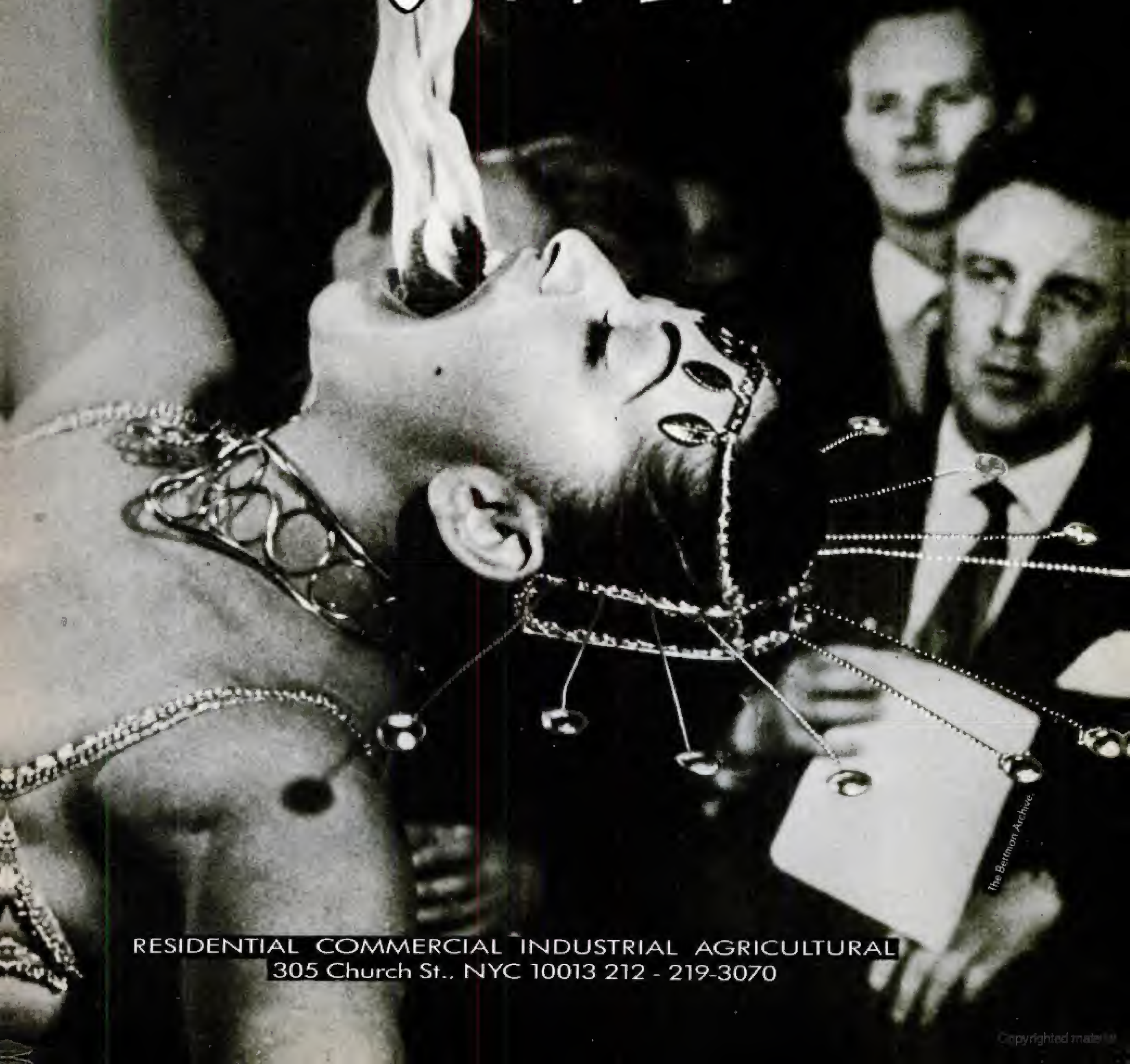
If there has been a paucity of such incidents in our own day, it is simply because we have been looking in the wrong places. Take the case of Stephen P. Reynolds, whom we might call the Bus Boy. Young Stephen was in love with buses. He would gaze at them longingly; climb aboard when he could come up with the fare; take jobs, when they were available, at bus garages or in bus parking lots. Unable to live in a bus, he slept in abandoned cars, perhaps imagining each cramped backseat as but one of a double row of 30. On the morning of October 27, after much fantasy, much nervous deliberation and much planning, he dressed up as a driver and swiped an Academy Bus Tours bus at the 178th Street Port Authority terminal.

He drove it to Fort Lee, New Jersey, picked up a load of passengers for Manhattan, took them across the bridge, took on a new set of Jersey-bound riders and repeated this shuttle for two and a half hours. Since he was doing it not for money but for love, he charged passengers a reduced rate of 50 cents. He was even planning to return the bus to its dock in time for a scheduled afternoon run, but before he could do that he was arrested on the New Jersey side and charged with grand larceny.

This tale has it all: nerve, danger, passion, color, sweep. Also, a breathtaking costume change, transforming an ordinary youth into an invisible functionary. This bit is essential: the white shirt, blue tie, coin changer hanging from the belt. One recalls G. K. Chesterton's "Invisible Man," in which a vast country manse is the scene of a murder. Family, guests and servants all have airtight alibis. Finally, and with much difficulty, the culprit is discovered. It is the mailman. Mailmen, we are assured by the author, are invisible. In addition to getting a thrill from affixing that coin changer, Stephen Reynolds subscribed to this school of disguise: always blend in.

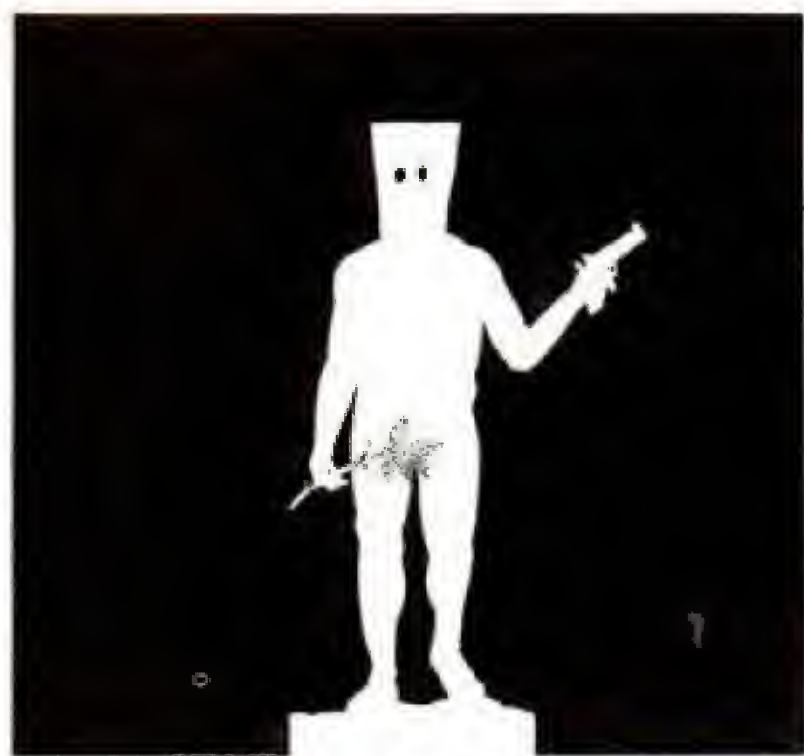
There are, of course, other options available. Some criminals go for the brazen ap-

EXTERMINATOR CHILI



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proach, such as Michael W. Jackson (no relation) of Indianapolis, who painted his face silver and black in the course of an energetic crime spree last fall during which he slew two and kidnapped five and stole seven vehicles. It is not known whether he operated a siren as well, or hired men to follow him with sandwich boards displaying a running tally.

Bank robbers of the over-the-counter variety are perhaps the most preoccupied with the question of disguise, since they are prey to snooping vidcams and the like. (Six years ago there occurred the wonderful case of the pre-teen bandit who held up a midtown bank and was never caught because, at less than four and a half feet tall, he was too small to be registered by the security camera.) Paper bags with holes cut in them remain a perennial favorite, and it is even now difficult to find a ski mask for sale in many neighborhoods of the city.

This past season's thievery highlights include the Cincinnati pair who robbed the Fifth Third Bank (*the Fifth Third Bank?*) wearing Carter and Reagan masks, which immediately made every tabloid in the country. There was also the genius in Chicago who dreamed up the eminently simple trick of dressing as an armored-car employee, causing tellers to beg him to relieve them of \$80,000.

Clever though these exercises may be, they represent a traditional bent. The criminal avant-garde is meanwhile busy experimenting with the headier challenges of minimalism. The reigning champion of this mode of expression is undoubtedly Rowena Riggs Powell, a con artist redoubtable even by the standards of the trade. Impersonations, whether of military personnel, police officers or pretenders to the Russian imperial throne, have been going on forever, but most have depended on a gimmick, a uniform or an accent. Powell, late last year, took it upon herself to pose as the sister of Aristotle Onassis and temporarily succeeded, while bearing no resemblance of any kind to the late shipping magnate.

In every other respect, hers was a classic deception: the preying on cupidity, the dropping of names, the phony million-dollar checks.

The spree was even something of a dud, considering that she made off with mere goods and services to the tune of less than \$25,000. Nevertheless, she managed it with few or no props and a physical demeanor that was, well, big and fat and American as all hell. In the slammer, she continues to insist on her kinship to Ari. Come to think of it, maybe she's telling the truth.

The logical minimalist extreme had been attained not long before by one Trathony Griffin of Bellport, Long Island, who made a single, unsuccessful attempt at a mugging—in broad daylight, while wearing a bandanna, a pair of sneakers and nothing else. A typical undergraduate of crime—ambitious, over-eager and not wildly astute—Griffin told arresting officers that he thought his Adamic state would make him difficult to identify. He had, however, neglected to stash some clothing nearby. He was nabbed when he asked to use a woman's phone, claiming to be a robbery victim, and she overheard him calling someone other than the police.

Griffin was an amateur, but he was certainly on the right track. This mode of disguise is elegant in its conception and disquieting in its effect. It holds much promise. It is not, however, foolproof. A simple appendectomy scar could bring one down. Or witness the unfortunate case of Michael Moran, of Brooklyn. Moran, fully clothed, assaulted a cop, then fled. Alas, he was stocky, thick-necked and probably had a cowlick and stubble. The cop put out an all-points on a guy who "looked just like Fred Flintstone." Moran was picked up immediately. Would he have looked any different in the buff? The truth is, some people should just stick to a paper bag with holes cut in it. ☺

THE FAR EAST SIDE

by Bruce Irving
with Atsuko Hariguchi

RESIDENT
ALIEN

AS EVERY SPY READER knows, Tokyo is one of New York's Sister Cities. And clearly Japan's influence has been felt by her American sibling: Issey and

Yohji drape the groovesters, sushi dens proliferate in all their blackness and blond woodness, and Bloomingdale's, of course, has been a flack for *le style japonais*, as they surely call it. But what has New York given Tokyo?

In a word: *names*.

You don't notice them at first. Oh, they're there, all right, hiding amid the visual chaos of Tokyo, but it takes a determined (or homesick) eye to pick them out from among the flashing neon nebulas, dense electric pictographs, characters that the eye passes over in haste, bewildering building-high banners, tiny signs depicting a construction worker happily urinating, and, our favorites, the bizarre admixtures of English—such as "Spiritual creation power: just you." The onslaught of commercial messages makes most of New York seem by comparison like some denuded communist city.

Soon enough, though, phrases familiar to the New Yorker break through the clutter. There's the Big Apple Pub and Lounge. The Radio City disco. The Gulp Gasper Coffee Shoppe. And the Big-Apple Café Bar. You begin to feel as if you're in a dream New York, or maybe a dream Tokyo, where odd bits and pieces of the former pop through the Technicolor screen of the latter, recognizable but queer.

Pull up to one of the city's numberless sidewalk vending machines. Ignoring the one offering condoms, you deposit your 100 yen for a can of iced coffee. It's called Manhattan. St. NYC Coffee—the St. stands for *story*. The can's printed message exhorts you to "taste the happiness of New York. . . . Where the streets speak to you, something good will probably happen." Funny, when the streets of New York spoke to you last, you lost your wallet and your watch.

Across the street stands a larger-than-life plastic statue of a fat, jolly chef. The restaurant behind him is identified on its awning as Bagel Spikedog Olive. Actually, it's just plain Olive now, but the place used to specialize in Bagel Spikedogs, cylindrical bagels with hot dogs shoved up inside them. These are no longer available, the waiter inside says, due to a lack of consumer interest. The Japanese, he says, have a perception of a bagel as something "too tough on the teeth to eat." Nonetheless, the owner, Mrs. Hayashi, is determined to serve up the chewy doughnuts in some form and has chosen a soft and uniformly shaped product made by an expatriate American named Mr. Fox. One of the items on the menu, perfectly reproduced in plastic in the display case outside, is something that translates as "the New York Jewish Person." It seems that Mrs. Hayashi saw on a television program that a bagel with lox and cream cheese is a popular health food among Jews in New York, and she decided to serve it. Her version comes with a small piece of smoked

salmon, a triangle of cream cheese, shredded onions, lettuce, sliced boiled egg, mayonnaise and two slices of ham. The waiter does not believe it is kosher and overall seems a little shaky on dietary laws. The reason it is called the New York Jewish Person is that many items on the menu are named after categories of people: the American Girl's BLT, for example, or the Healthy Lady, a yogurt-fruit-and-vegetable sandwich. These can be washed down, the menu says, with "gingerale" or "cofe-au-laif," spellings that call up fond memories of a certain Hickory Pit you used to frequent. But just when you begin to believe you're *actually in New York*, you are jolted by the restaurant's motto: "We are here to serve you and without you we are nothing."

The folks at Port Jefferson know their geography. When Mr. Ohno, the president of a large clothing company, decided to open a store for women in their twenties, he wanted a name that would sum up the image he envisioned. Thus, "Soft Traditional Mind" became part of the store's logo. This, according to the salesgirl, boils down to "elegance with cuteness." And why pick that particular Long Island town? Mr. Ohno went to Port Jefferson once on a visit to his daughter, and the place captured his fancy. "I suppose they could have sued us," he says, "for using their name without permission."

At Madison Avenue, a restaurant with a vaguely Odeon look, the sign inside says WELCOME TO NEW YORK. Prince belts out "1999" over the speakers while two unhappy-looking teenagers share a Walkman and look at the menu:

Entrées:

New Yorker (hamburger and onion)
Bleecker Street (pork Stroganoff)
Wall Street (ginger pork)

Special Lunch: Ladies Macy's (pork cutlet)

Spaghetti:

Boston River (bacon and mushrooms with white sauce)
Madison River ("our specialty spaghetti")

Sandwich:

West Side (club)
South Side (tuna)

You sit down next to a young man who has a shopping bag that reads, DOLCE WITH MUCH INTEREST. A BAG FULL OF INTELLECTUAL ENLIGHTENMENT IS NOW IN YOUR HANDS. Peering inside, you see a new shirt and a comic book. He's never been to New York, he says, and he asks if New York is really as dangerous as everyone says, especially Little Italy, where many Puerto Ricans live. He has no plans to visit, because, he says, he has neither the brains nor the money necessary. Still, he confides, he would like to take a nap in Central Park. And he knows that Yan-

kee Stadium is in the South Bronx, having learned it in a geography/sociology class.

And speaking of athletics, how about that Vertical Club over there? Another clothing store for teenagers. Why is it so named? Well, *club* connotes a kind of "circle feeling," the manager says, that appeals to high school or college students. And *vertical*? Surely there is a connection with the chic and happening New York health club? No, the word was chosen for purely internal reasons: the management wanted to instill in the staff a sense of connectedness and interdependence, a tight vertical stacking of organizational functions. Very Japanese. But, you insist, the Vertical Club is famous—can this really be a coincidence? The manager says he's afraid so.

The folks at Limelight in Roppongi have a different kind of fear. When asked about the source of their very familiar logo, the staff claims ignorance, and you sense this is a question they've been asked before. No, you are not an American lawyer. You tell them about the Limelight in New York and they pounce. "Ah, but we are not a disco! We are a *bar lounge*!" They've certainly got you there, and you retreat with a bow and a tired smile.

Other seemingly well-known night spots leave you feeling cheated, teased. Area is just another chrome-and-mirror dance box; the owners say it has nothing to do with its namesake. And what sounds like Palladium turns out to be—yes—Paradium.

The Uptown Diner is a more subtle, approximate imitation of chic New York commercialism. A gleaming stainless-steel box squatting low by the roadside, it beckons you with art deco promises of greasy eggs and bottomless cups of coffee. Entering, you nod to the waitress, an Occidental amazon with hair bobbed in the downtown fashion, and take a seat in an authentic leatherette booth. Your waiter pulls up. He is Israeli. He tells you that your Coney Island hamburger (with a split hot dog on top) will be prepared by Jean-Marie, the Sorbonne-educated *chef de la maison*.

Cheated again, scuffling home to your tiny, New York-size apartment, haunted by familiarities made foreign, you see Soho's Loft, a convincingly high-ceilinged, exposed-brick, potted-plant place that's just a bit too clean. They serve Soho Natural Soda for about \$3.60 a bottle. Of the two high school girls sitting at an adjacent table, the one eating a squid pizza knows that SoHo is a place in New York; the other (whose shopping bag reads, KANSAS CITY, TOPEKA, U.S.A.: MODERN FASHION LIFE FOR ALL PEOPLE) has never heard of it, though she knows that a loft is a warehouse by the sea. Both of them would like to go to New York because it is glamorous but a little dangerous. They've come to Soho's Loft because it's glamorous but safe.

The consensus is pretty much the same at

Central Park, Little Italy and New York 2 (restaurants), at Big-Apple and the Village Voice (bars) and at Radio City, the Lexington Queen and New York, New York (discos). For Tokyoites, a simulated piece of New York is only as far as the next Manhattan-derived sign, and the walk there is a heck of a lot safer. As they say, New York is a nice place to mimic, but we wouldn't want to live there. ☹

CHEESED

OFF

by Michael Sorkin

SELLING

ONE OF THE MORE scintillating artifacts lately chucked up by the culture was the Yule-slot McDonald's campaign offering kiddies free Christmas

stockings logoed with Fievel, the animated mouse from *An American Tail*, the Steven Spielberg presentation of the Don Bluth film based on a "concept" purportedly originated by David Kirschner. The feature-length cartoon depicts the immigrant saga of the Disnoid rodent as it flees pogrom-wracked Mother Russia for America's golden shores. The cossacks, naturally, are cats.

Sound familiar? I refer, of course, to *Maus*, Art Spiegelman's improbably brilliant account of his parents' experience of the Holocaust. Ecirily drawn in comic book style, mice are Jews, pigs are Poles and cats are Nazis. Now, mouse Jews oppressed by cat anti-Semites is a fairly striking, let us say, conceit. As so it seemingly struck Spiegelman, who considered suing Spielberg and Kirschner for what the art world calls appropriation. Kirschner, for his part, denies all knowledge of the Spiegelman oeuvre, despite its notable presence on the (counter-) cultural landscape since 1972. Indeed, so eager were Kirschner's spokespeople to assert his ignorance, they told Spiegelman that Kirschner had never ever so much as read an "underground" newspaper. (*Maus* was first published in the underground magazine *Funny Aimals*.) By way of corroboration, it was explained that the pristine Kirschner hadn't even voted until 1968, and then for Nixon.

There's an engaging notion: Tricky Dick as the guarantor of moral innocence. The stratagem does illuminate the difference between the two migrations: *Maus* to *Tail* and *Tail* to stocking. The former is clearly Nixonian in style—a rip-off, take what you want.

It's disagreeable and primitive, the old way of doing things. *Tail* to stocking is more convincingly postmodern, the Reagan style. Here seizure ceases to be necessary, since everything's for sale and there's no business like show business and everything's already the same anyway. Is there another way to make sense of a little Jewish mouse on a Christmas stocking available only with the purchase of a Big Mac and fries? Consider the richness of this mash. Not to get too Derridean, but I'm reminded of the joke in which the Jewish man throws his drink at his Chinese barmate, explaining, "That was for Pearl Harbor." The Chinese man protests that it was the Japanese who bombed Pearl Harbor, but the Jew answers, "Japanese, Chinese, what's the difference?" Moments later the Jewish man is doused by the Chinese, who cries, "That was for the *Titanic*!"

"But the *Titanic* was sunk by an iceberg," protests the Jew.

"Iceberg, Rosenberg, what's the difference?"

Reagan and Spielberg are two of the mightiest engines in the elision factory of postmodern culture, sleight-of-brain artists for whom comics are indistinguishable from life. As a moral exercise, the integration of the Holocaust into this system of serial sameness, in which Biafran babies and Morris the finicky cat occupy a single space, is not really very taxing. Maus, Fievel, what's the difference? But allow me another example of the number of angels currently able to tango on the American pinhead: there's to be a Holocaust museum built in downtown Manhattan. As the Holocaust is absorbed into the routine of packaged memory, its reality ebbs. Fievel stockings are just a beginning. (Perhaps Anne Frank Easter eggs will be next.) The museum hits new heights of homogenization. Thus, it is being financed—just like MoMA's recent expansion—by the erection of an adjacent condo tower. How else? The only question is, what will they call it? La Treblinka? Belsen Parc? What's the difference? ③

CLASS

COOKING

by Moira Hodgson

EATING

WHEN THE DOORS open to the demonstration kitchen on Macy's eighth floor, the crowd makes for the chairs nearest the front on the left side. If you sit



there, you get your plate filled first.

Around two dozen chefs, including several two-star luminaries and some of the flashiest young Americans, have been teaching at Macy's De Gustibus series. (The next season begins on March 9.) Their audience (about 60 men and women, mostly in their thirties and forties, who've paid \$45 per class) knows its food. They know that CIA stands for Culinary Institute of America and that Chateau St. Jean rhymes with *bean*. They like pig's feet, sorrel and samphire. And they wouldn't have a bouillon cube in the house.

The chefs perform on a dais beneath a reflecting mirror that hangs over the counter so that you can see what they are doing (it's not the place to hide a bald spot). On the counter, bowls of the day's ingredients are set out. In the case of Jimmy Schmidt, the chef-co-owner of the Rattlesnake Club in Denver, the combination was puzzling to palates schooled in the French or Italian tradition: chanterelles, coriander, goat cheese, tomatillo, onion, chayote, California chardonnay, poblano peppers and something that looked like a pile of blue clay. Puzzling, that is, in precisely the way that significant eighties cooking must be.

Instead of a chef's toque, Schmidt wore a baseball hat embossed with the name of his restaurant. A cheerful young man from Illinois, where he studied chemistry and engineering, he taught the class as if it were composed of science students. "A sauce breaks," "is built on emulsions," "has structure," "is stable." "Sugar and salt are hydroscopic [*sic*]—they turn to liquid if there's moisture." "The pockmarks on custard are syneresis." There was a steady scratching of pens between sips of Alizé, a new yellow liqueur made with cognac and passion fruit juice that was passed around when we sat down.

The menu—blue corn tortilla chips with chanterelles and goat cheese, salmon with achiote paste and ginger puree, passion fruit ice cream with white-chocolate sauce—was a little much for some customers. "I prefer the French or Italian chefs," muttered a lawyer under his breath. "At least I can understand

their ingredients."

This opinion was not shared by an elegant gray-haired matron surrounded by shopping bags. "So refreshing to see these young men with such innovative ideas," she said, dipping her fork hungrily into a plate that contained grilled beef with tomatillos, garnished with coriander and blue corn crepes. "Such a change from a CIA person."

Jean-Louis Palladin, chef-owner of the Jean-Louis restaurant at the Watergate in Washington, presented another kind of theater. His was a simple little meal that anyone might whip up when they got home from work: lobster tart with zucchini and coral butter, rabbit loin with rosemary and marrow flan, coconut ice cream with banana fritters and maple syrup cream sauce.

Palladin looks like a cop in a *policier* movie: tall and skinny, with huge round glasses, a drooping mustache and a thin, lined face framed by thick, curly hair. Members of the measuring-spoon school of cooking looked shocked as he threw sugar in with his hands, sprang a leak in the Cuisinart by filling it too full, peeled the skin off a coconut as though it were made of paper, flipped food in a frying pan without sending it onto the floor and, finally, caught his towel on fire.

But the applause was unreserved for the lobster tart and the little quivering custards of marrow served with saddles of rabbit. This poor man is often obliged to cook in his restaurant for that well-known gastronome Nancy Reagan, who has been known to eat three entire leaves of lettuce at one sitting.

Anne Rosenzweig, chef-co-owner of Arcadia and recently appointed adviser to the new, improved "21," is only five feet tall, with huge brown eyes and a broad smile. She looked like a naughty child as she wielded a carving knife as big as her arm to bone a rack of lamb and quails (the latter were marinated in molasses, sautéed and served with sweet potato gratin and arugula). The audience held its breath as she hypnotized her lobster by stroking it behind the eyes for five minutes before she killed it (unlike the male chefs, who had no hesitation about cutting theirs up alive and tossing the flailing limbs into the pot). And when she told us, "For medium rare, push the fatty part of your hand between thumb and forefinger, and that's what the meat should feel like," the audience clasped their hands together and sighed with rapture.

The De Gustibus students certainly got their money's worth from Alain Sailhac, then chef at Le Cirque, who, along with lashings of Gallic charm, served a sublime lobster ravioli with fresh white truffles (a dish that costs \$35 as a main course in the restaurant), made sea bass "carpaccio" and boned a rack of lamb. (Chefs must be frustrated surgeons; they enjoy boning meat more than anything.) For

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dessert, he presented his famous crème brûlée.

"What do most people order at Le Cirque?" someone asked.

"Broiled chicken," he answered with a shrug as little white plastic plates of food were passed around and greeted with oohs and aahs.

This was not a broiled-chicken crowd. ☺

YOU SAW
IT HERE

FIRST

MOVIES

A FEW YEARS AGO WE had the inclination and energy to see what seemed like every movie made, even those starring Michael Keaton or directed by John Badham. In

these postpromiscuous days, however, we sometimes forgo Jane Fonda or Steve Martin vehicles, and even consider skipping a Martin Scorsese film. But we still read the reviews. (They're cheaper, and you don't need to hire a baby-sitter.) Trouble is, we only get to read them after the films have opened, and so we are denied the pleasures of one-upmanship: the desire, as in nearly all things contemporary, is to get the early line—to find out what to think before everyone else knows what to think.

And so SPY has finally developed a revolutionary new kind of criticism: movies reviewed not just before they are released, but before they are finished—reviews of movies still in production. How do we possibly manage it? Secret sources? Scanning the trades? Incognito visits to soundstages and editing rooms? Nope. Why do we do it? Because they're not there.

Is there any limit to the number of times we can laugh at the zany initiation rites of a teenage nerd? In *Summer School*, director Carl Reiner follows in his son's footsteps with a crossbreed of Rob Reiner's most recent movie (*Stand By Me*) and the one before that (*The Sure Thing*), with elements of *Real Genius* and *Meatballs* thrown in. In this summer release the excruciating teen misfit (Richard Horvitz) improbably winds up in summer school, but his mortification is relieved by a handsome freelance mentor and gym coach (Mark Harmon), a chummy male stripper (Ken Olandt) and girls (Courtney Thorne-Smith as a surf cretin) girls (Shawnee Smith as an ethnic slut) girls (Fabiana Udenio as the foreign-exchange

bombshell). Formulaic? *Naahhh*.

Campus Man, the B version of this genre, also from Paramount, is due out this spring. Here the nerd is an *entrepreneur* (John Dye) who puts together a pinup calendar of the—get this—*college hunks*! Here the male stripper is a champion diver *and* male model (Miles O'Keeffe). Here Morgan Fairchild plays the Mark Harmon role. Here we have not even the pleasures of smutted-up sitcom clarity.

The rumors must be true: Paramount production chief Dawn Steel is a teenmaniac. *Hot Pursuit*, yet another wacky summer adolescent shenanigans movie from the studio, is an hour-and-a-half-long *Love Boat* segment with kids (John [Sure Thing] Cusack). A feature film starring Shelley Fabares, Jerry Stiller and Monte Markham? *Monte Markham*? *Hot Pursuit* is disingenuous and hormonally high-spirited in precisely the style of the pre-Vietnam 1960s. And you thought *Beach Blanket Bingo* couldn't be remade without irony.

In fact, unwitting sixties revivalism is rampant this season. Where does poor John Lithgow find these scripts? Did he know this one would be called *Harry & the Hendersons*? Did the producers think that Lithgow's too-normal WASPiness would somehow be mitigated by casting feisty, vaguely repugnant Mediterraneans (Lainie Kazan and Don Ameche) as his costars? Why wasn't Dean Jones in this April release? Why weren't there more flubbery boinging sounds?

This summer's *The Untouchables* redeems and revives several film careers in one splendid swoop. This is Brian De Palma's best movie since *Dressed to Kill* and Robert De Niro's best since *Raging Bull*. It is Charles Martin Smith's and screenwriter David Mamet's best movie ever. Kevin Costner as Eliot Ness is every bit as charming as he was in *Silverado*; he's a sweet, supple hybrid of Gary Cooper and Chevy Chase. (Costner is what Harrison Ford has turned out not to be.) The cinematography has a convincing patina of acrid thirties grime, and the sets are perfectly (not Hollywood) Chicagoan—hard-ass classical. With De Niro as Al Capone, sleek and psycho, muttering Mamety gangsterisms, one's fond hopes for a *Godfather III* seem moot.

Ishtar, on the other hand, is simply very curious, the *The Fortune* of this decade—an overblown road-picture remake of *Spies Like Us* (which was itself a remake of *S*P*Y*S*). Yes, really, one more time—fun-loving American guys turned inadvertent secret agents in the Middle East. This time the Bob Hope/Elliott Gould/Chevy Chase role is played by Dustin Hoffman, who is paired with Warren Beatty as the Bing Crosby/Donald Sutherland/Dan Aykroyd character. Elaine May directed this three-way midlife crisis of a movie.

It's refreshing to see that Glenn Close and

Jane Fonda have agreed to take turns starring in the semiannual love-affair-turns-to-murder movie. First it was Close's turn, with *Jagged Edge*; then it was Fonda's turn, with *The Morning After*; this summer it's Close once again, with Michael Douglas in *Fatal Attraction*. (Apparently Douglas and Jeff Bridges have worked out a similar deal: Bridges does two, Douglas does two, and so on.) Close and Douglas are hard to watch in almost every movie they make, of course, and it's synergistically worse here—he patronizing and preening, she wallowing in actressiness. Only Fred Gwynne, as a menacing mastermind, is entirely delightful. ☺

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

by Amy Engeler

SCIENCE
AND YOU

UP AND DOWN MANHATTAN, in shabby back apartments or bright professional spaces, are scrubbed, quasi-medical establishments offering a good interior cleaning. Just like doctors' and dentists' offices, these places are decorated with references to the bodily organ of concern: bold charts of the intestinal tract, photographs of people on the toilet, cutout circles arranged to form a colon. For \$35 to \$100, one can climb aboard the padded table to bare the backside for what this pocket of medical philosophy calls a colonic irrigation—perhaps better described as an enema on a grand scale.

The ads are in *New York* magazine and freebie publications in health stores. Call a colonic therapist and an answering machine will most likely deliver a breathy message with all the assurance of a tarot card reader. In the background, Chinese chimes play. If you're lucky, the sign-off will be evangelical: "I look forward to speaking with you, and in the meantime I wish you God's grace."

People have done stranger things to their bodies than voluntarily flushing 15 to 20 quarts of warm water (90°–98° F) through the entire five to eight feet of the large intestine, which at maximum capacity holds a single gallon. A rectal speculum carries the fluid in and out through Plexiglas tubes. And it's not perversion that motivates this fad, but an honest belief that a regular colonic irrigation will rid the body of "toxins"—drug residue, red-meat impurities, preservatives—and contrib-

ute to what insiders call "high-level wellness." Colonics are popular among waiters, dieters, followers of naturopathic medicine and, according to one practitioner, "performance artists, people who consider their bodies their instruments." Medical backing for the procedure is virtually nil. "In general, physicians ignore it," says gastroenterologist Dr. John Benson. "They don't think it's useful, and they don't prescribe it."

Most people are squeamish talking about "going to the reading room." Not colonic devotees. They can talk bowel movements anytime, even over a meal, and they do, for nothing gratifies them more than recruitment.

"I think people who are colonic therapists are saints," says Donna Givers, who became so enamored that she bought a water machine for \$300 to use on herself and her husband at home. "There's nothing like a good colonic.... It's like going to the dentist to have the plaque cleaned—I think a colonic does something like that to your colon."

If the medical community has dismissed the trend as hopeful voodoo, the Manhattan District Attorney's office hasn't. Last March 60-year-old Frank Van Deusen, a telephone worker who lived on St. Marks Place, died at Colonique, at 104 East 40th Street, from acute peritonitis. The tubes allegedly jammed, causing the water pressure to build until his intestinal membrane burst. Last December a grand jury indicted the colonic therapist involved, known in the trade as Sophia, for second-degree manslaughter, criminally negligent homicide and two counts of unauthorized practice of medicine. If convicted, she faces up to 15 years' imprisonment.

Since colonics are outside the aegis of medical authority, there is no license required, no mandatory training. Anyone can set up shop. "It's always such a gray area," laments a devoted client. "It's not legal, it's not illegal." Not surprisingly, the approximately ten therapists in the city are angry at Sophia: Van Deusen's death-by-bursting may well shut the local industry down altogether.

Sophia, whose real name appears on court papers as Xenia Marie Green, is a small, dumpy black woman in her mid-forties who came to New York from, of all places, Colón, Panama. "I was meant to do this," she says. "I've lived on Water Street for ten years. I've had bowel trouble all my life." Sophia, who gives herself a daily colonic, services lawyers, stockbrokers and executives, she says, who come by referral. (No mention of her ads in *New York*.) Her \$100 fee (which she raised from \$75 after the indictment) is the highest in the trade. The money is *not*, she says, the reason she's in business; rather, it's because "I don't like the experience of being a patient; I like to be in control. So I let my *clients* constantly manage and manipulate the whole sys-

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tem themselves. I learned by working on myself, going to school, looking at my clients." When pressed for the school's name, she flusters. "In Gary, Indiana, an old man taught me the value and gift to be cleaned inside.... Cleanliness is next to godliness."

For seven years, Sophia has administered colonics, and she has even continued after the manslaughter charge. Though she refuses to answer questions about the client who exploded on her table, she pushes on with her uneducated barrage: "When I started I didn't even know about what a colon was..."

As the trial approaches, Sophia's attorney, Charles Berkman, and Assistant D.A. Kristine Hamann are increasingly absorbed by the case's potential to set a legal precedent. Berkman plans to defend Sophia mainly with the argument that the procedure, when prescribed medically, is ordinarily done not by doctors but by hospital personnel. "Essentially, they claim she's been practicing medicine," Berkman says. "We disagree." About the more serious felony charges: "They must prove gross negligence. There's no kind of gross negligence involved. She was just doing what she was supposed to be doing."

Other therapists disagree, calling Sophia "irresponsible," "esoteric," "a blight on the profession." And Sophia herself, like the prostitutes who don't understand they have AIDS because they don't feel sick, seems untouched by the reeling legal circus going on around her. Her business, Colonique, remains open and ready to clean you. ☺

CROSS YOUR FINGERS

by Ellis Weiner

HOW TO
BE A
GROWN-
UP

DATELINE NEW YORK: Big hunks of new architecture continue to metastasize unchecked in and around the greater metropolitan area ("greater"? The greatest!), yet the briefest ride on any of their hushed, gleaming, digital-readout, I-wish-my-apartment-were-this-nice elevators might bring to some the dispiriting realization that America is still, like, *totally* imma-cherr. For regardless of design, budget, tenants, decor or prestige address, practically all of these buildings pretend not to have a thirteenth floor.

What, one wonders, gives? Are we not men? Are we not women? Are we not free moderns, titteringly contemptuous of the irrational, prescientific ignorance of ages past, when whole communities feared the night, worshiped moss and believed that hail was salt bouncing off God's corn on the cob? Do we not live in a Scientifically Happening Post-mod Moment of the Immediate Present, where Today is Nower than Now?

Where, then, are the tenants—corporate, commercial or residential—who actually refuse to buy or lease space on a floor situated between the twelfth and fourteenth that has the courage to speak its name? Where are the lily-livered, yellow-bellied, sissy-boy (and -girl) real estate developers who cannot bring themselves to use the number in question? Grown-ups across the nation demand that the cowards step forward and suffer the public ridicule and general censure they so richly deserve.

Of course, I'd love to be there to chip in my share of ridicule and censure, but unfortunately I have to be in my office, where I've been trying to toss the same balled-up trash into the same wastebasket for three months. The rule is, if I miss, I must get up, go over, pick it up, return to the point of origin and shoot again. This procedure continues until I make the shot or give up. *And I must not give up.*

Why do I do it? Oh... "For my character." "Out of habit." "It's a little game I play." All nice, plausible-sounding reasons, and every one a contemptible lie. The real reason is: if I don't do it—if I simply pick up the trash and drop it in—I'll get in some kind of trouble with a nameless, all-pervading It-force out there that will be mad at me for being lazy. It will, somehow, for some implacable reason, punish me—sap my vigor, crick my neck, stop my heart, shet ma mouth. So I shoot, and retrieve, and shoot again.

It's not a practice of which I'm proud. How am I to demonstrate to the nation's, or my apartment's, youth the attitudes and behavior appropriate to a grown-up if I'm busy tossing and stooping for the same crumpled-up ball of paper day in and day out like some giant wind-up toy? But no matter how free of delusion I fancy myself, and no matter how self-sufficient I think it important to be, there is still that It that must be appeased. And nothing will satisfy It, except my sinking the hook shot.

It wasn't always like this. As a proud teenage American, I defiantly didn't believe in God, thought science could figure out anything. True, back then, I used to *want* to believe in omens—even bad ones, since their validity seemed to imply the validity of the good ones. But almost every time I decided something boded ill or well, things turned out well or ill. The stuff didn't correlate. I couldn't make the case for supernatural intercession. Life just drearily was what it was.



Praying, to an assimilo-Jewish young with-it like me, was absurd and out of the question. Even today, when team coverage of the latest horrific disaster includes footage of an obviously suffering man or woman saying, "Then the guns started shooting, and all we could do was pray," I can't not think of an exchange from the movie *The Ruling Class*: "What makes you think you're God?" asks a normal character. "Because every time I pray," replies the insane hero, "I find I'm talking to myself."

Now I aspire to grown-upitude. I subscribe to the God-is-on-sabbatical theory of divine absenteeism (He exists, isn't at his desk, isn't expected back) and wouldn't trust science as far as I could throw it. Still, all is not unadulterated adulthood. On the other hand, I believe, with a great many fibers of my being, that it is wrong, weak, self-indulgent, ignorant and uncool to go around looking for little signs and signals from the universe that say: Hey. Don't worry. The true grown-up is above or beyond all that, and I join him or her in disdaining all fourteenth floors and the elevators that so shamefully stop at them.

On the other hand, I, and anyone with a harmless little ritual or superstitious fear, need reassurance. Science, the son of a bitch, has demonstrated that we reside in a throbbing, expanding, four-dimensional universe of space-time whose incessant background microwave radiation hums with the unambiguous message "Hey. Worry."

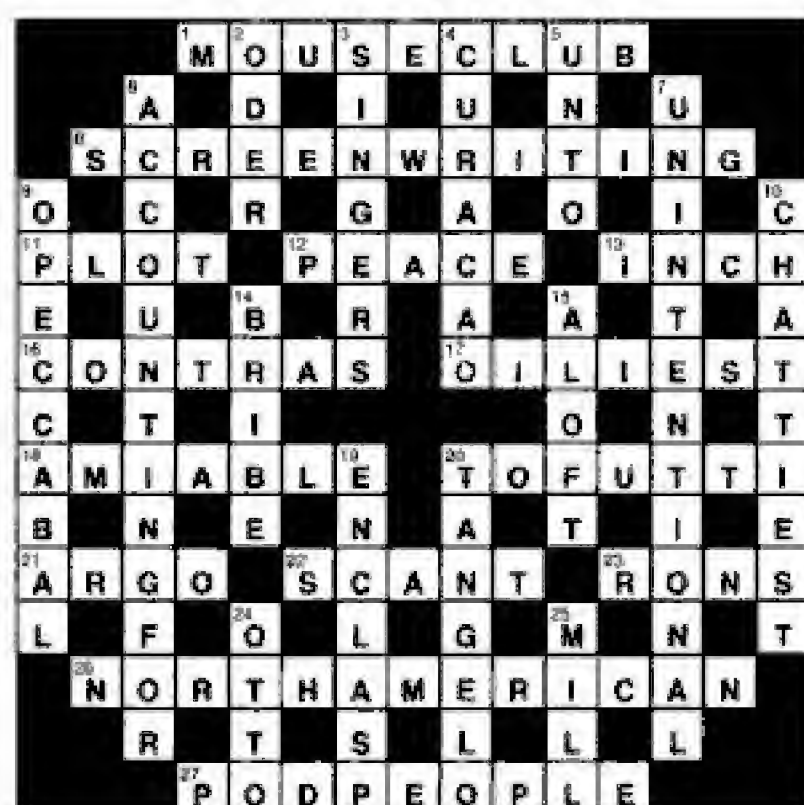
And we do. About you name it—rapacious corporations, suicidal terrorists, communist repression, Third World unrest, George Bush, George Shultz, George Brett, George Gobel. From upmarkets to Down's syndrome. From the Me Decade of the past to the Me Me Me Fuck You Decade of today. We need help, we need reassurance, we need to know that there's a wastebasketball-loving It-force out there that asks only that we throw our trash like Larry Bird or not at all, in return for which It will allow us to retain a belief in It sufficient to suggest that this is not all there is.

Because if this is all there is, then, you mean, this is it? ☺

ANSWERS TO ROY BLOUNT JR.'S CONTRAGATE SPECIAL CROSSWORD

This puzzle now feels it has gotten Contragate behind it. Which is not to say that this puzzle now feels it has gotten behind Contragate. Nothing could be further from the truth. This puzzle has been against illegalities from the beginning, and also against legalities, when they're committed by the Reagan administration. This puzzle feels it incumbent upon itself, however, to spread its opposition around, to cover anything foreign and/or Republican.

—R.B.



ACROSS

1. A Mickey is a dangerous drink.
8. I once worked on a newspaper, one of whose sportswriters reported that a local man had been arrested for "violating a migratory waterfowl."
11. The Boston underground is the T.
12. "Part, we're told" means something that sounds like a part.
16. "Rats off" equals *tras*. Jeffersonian reference here is not to the TV show but to the president's equating the contras with our Founding Fathers. Of course, the president may have had in mind the men who founded the motion picture industry.
17. The 9 here refers to 9 Down.
18. A British puzzle might require that *amiable* be the exact center of a *macadamia bleed*, in order to merit being called the heart of it. But we do things a little more casually over here. Ask for the National Security Council.
20. "Bad Mr." is Mr. T. I actually kind of like the banana-pecan tofetti at Zabar's, and I don't guess anybody actually claims that it is Italian ice cream, but hey, at this point in history I'm apologizing?
23. The song "Da Doo Ron Ron."
27. Leonard Nimoy was a leading alien (and an alien-ist) in the 1978 *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. Kevin McCarthy never succumbed, on camera, in either that

version or the original. As far as I know, I was the first observer to state flatly in print that Ronald Reagan was a pod person. If he gets out of this, pods rule.

DOWN

2. This river runs through Czechoslovakia and Poland. But then I don't trust the Potomac either.
4. A liqueur. *Why* does anybody want his or her margarita to be blue? What's the point? I'm not even going to mention blue tacos. We have bigger fish to fry.
5. Okay, *you* think of a clue for *unto*.
6. AC is a current, a *count* is a tally, *ingfor* is *foreign* oddly arranged and without the musical note *F*. Oh, what tangled webs we weave.
9. D'Amato is here solely to put the *al* in *cabal*. What he's in the Senate for, I leave to the people who voted for him.
10. A superlative that might be applied to the president and to the top TV news teams, given TV news team standards. I mean *local* news teams, of course. *Tie* is a link between *chat* and *st*. See, I explain things.
19. Anagram of *N*, places.
20. Will we at some point hear a cry of "Ollie, Ollie in free?"
24. No particular Kraut in mind.
25. Ending on a hopeful note, I think. John Stuart Mill wrote *On Liberty*. ☺

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WHY

does everyone claim to despise the paparazzi? We like them: their pictures provide the kind of voyeuristic thrill that accounts for restaurant mania in New York—the opportunity to eavesdrop on one's well-dressed and oversociable neighbors. And don't tell us that celebrities really dislike having their pictures taken. Would Jackie O. have sued Ron Galella if she hadn't wanted to get even more press attention? And what about Sean Penn? Or Mr. Shawn on the cover of *Newsday*? Really big stars make a point of seeking out the camera. Witness repellent pop singer Rick James (left) being aimed toward a squad of paparazzi by preternaturally energetic PR man Bobby Zarem. Faye Dunaway, too, inevitably leaps in the direction of the cameras, particularly now that she is reduced to overacting in *Supergirl* (below).



Other, lesser celebrities do humiliating things in public to make sure they get their pictures taken. Slashed but plucky model Marla Hanson joined hack artist Peter Max (above) recently to promote the dreadful new Maxwatch. In honor of the merchandise, Max wrote something that looks dangerously like a poem: "Keeping 'timepieces' on their wrists/ They call these things 'watches'/ But can anyone see the time come and go?/ And . . . do they wear watches on UFO's?"

dood



The skilled paparazzo can also catch people off guard and record rare, beautiful moments of intimacy, such as radio personality Barry Farber unburdening himself to a mannequin (left)



at the cattle car nightclub, the Tunnel . . . or Oleg Cassini examining *Miami Vice* starlet Olivia Brown for VPL (right) at *The Best* magazine's party at the Pierre.





THE MONEY SUPPLY At a dinner honoring Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker at the Waldorf, Volcker, Thomas Murphy (Cap Cities/ABC chairman) and Leo Hausman (United Cerebral Palsy of New York president) demonstrate the Volcker Curve (above).



Helen Hayes was mystified and vaguely disgusted when the ubiquitous F. Murray Abraham knelt and kissed her hand (left).



Two art boys demonstrating the recommended safe-sex method of kissing (above).



DECLINE OF THE WEST Above: our photographer caught this happy crowd of successful professionals relaxing: (clockwise) deejay-for-life Anita Sarko, bald Dean Johnson, fat-party-thrower-for-life Vito Bruno, cross-eyed hanger-on Johnny Dynell, and Haoui Montaug, dean of the rude doormen.

Party

Right-wing bon vivant Taki spent a few minutes discreetly conferring with fashion husband Reinaldo Herrera (right), thereby gathering information for his next 15 columns.



LIES Another disquieting moment (right): backstage, just minutes before he was crowned Mr. Male America, Mr. Georgia (with fan) helped his buddy Mr. Michigan keep cool before the grueling swimsuit competition. (No fluffheads these: in real life Mr. Georgia is a full professor of English at Yale and Mr. Michigan is deputy secretary of Housing and Urban Development.)



BEFORE AND AFTER Look how unhappy Cornelia Guest (above) was at her 23rd-birthday party (at Stringfellows, naturally) surrounded by former *National Enquirer* gossip columnist R. Couri Hay and permanently tan cable TV queen Nikki Haskell. But look how happy the World's Oldest Deb (right) became when the blue-chip oddities showed up (left to right): Francesco Scavullo, Fabrice, Patty Hearst.

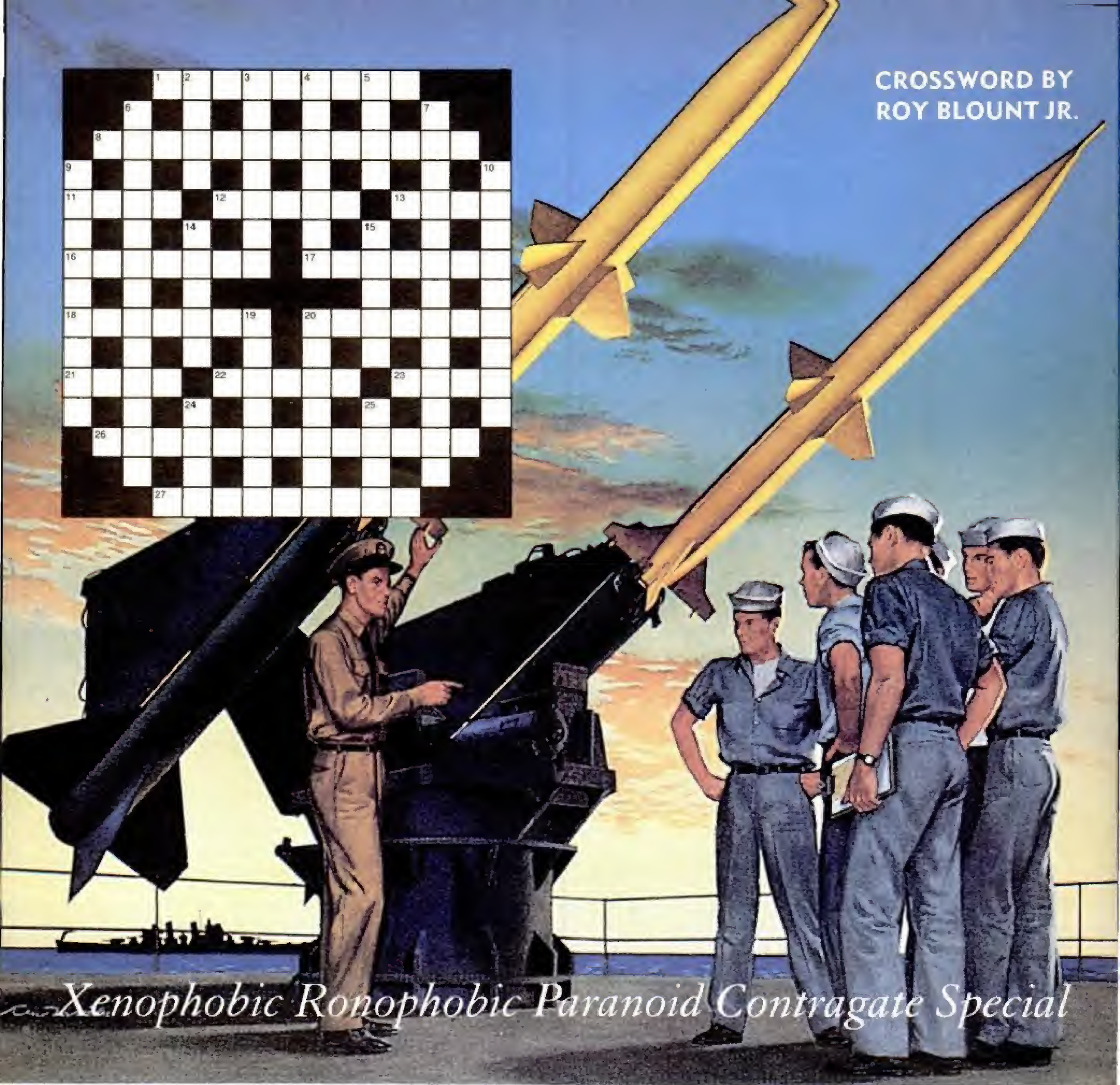
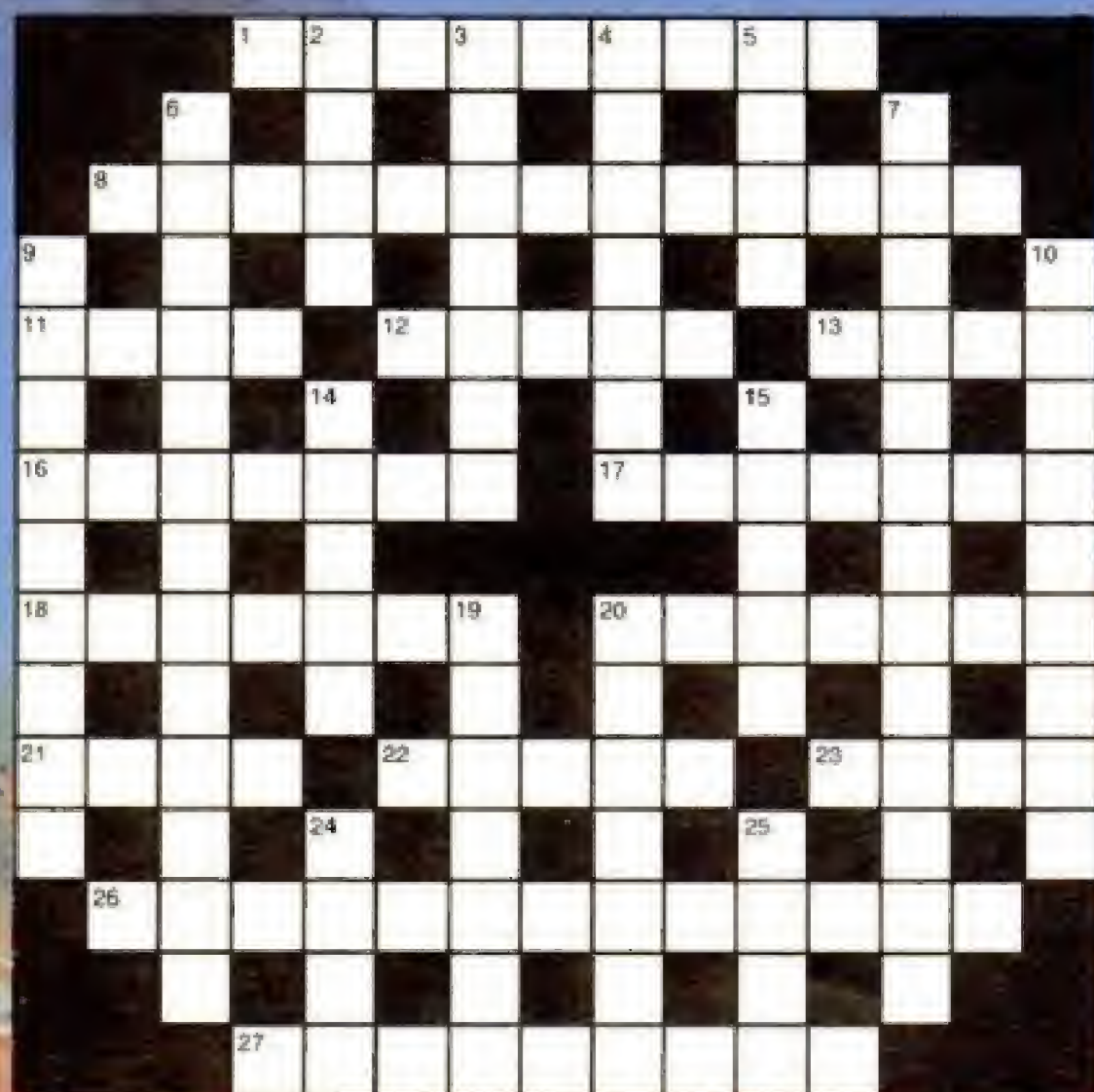


Poop



DAMN LIES After Leonard Bernstein went on *The Love Connection* recently, he broke all the rules and went out with all three bachelorettes—at once. Here they are at a party for secondhand-Nobel winner Elie Wiesel: Lenny reciting Byron with Kitty Carlisle Hart (top), then entertaining Betty Comden with his nutty Blues Brothers routine (middle), then slapping a soul kiss on bachelorette number three, Louise Nevelson (bottom).

CROSSWORD BY
ROY BLOUNT JR.



Xenophobic Ronophobic Paranoid Contragate Special

ACROSS

1. TV drew a generation of American youths into this bestial circle, starting with dangerous drink (5,4).
8. Screwing tern, I oddly create president's idea of history (6,7).
11. Terrorists head Boston underground scheme (4).
12. In part, we're told what arms are for (5).
13. Broken chin—don't give Ollie North one (4).

16. Rats off after trick: Latin Jeffersons? (7).
17. Slickest of the 9, or the first in Brooklyn (7).
18. Ronlike enough to make heart of a macadamia bleed (7).
20. Bad Mr., weird outfit, ersatz Italian ice cream (7).
21. Boat of some other -nauts who went for fleece (4).
22. Not much in what agents, or actors, can talk about (5).

23. Nancy's boys follow "Doo" (4).
26. Marine patriot goes too far—includes Canadians (5,8).
27. Jolly Green Giant, Leonard Nimoy, and I don't even trust McCarthy (3,6).

DOWN

2. Sounds like something to sniff at, maybe, in wet communist way (4).
3. Sinatra, McFarlane (7).

4. Beguiling isle turns yuppie margarita blue (7).
5. Means to, or not to? (4).
6. Funds of 16 need current tally (odd foreign note missing) (10,3).
7. Whatever the president knows, we know it is this (answer to 5) (13).
9. Intriguing sheiks cope deviously with Civil Aeronautics Board, D'Amato (4,5).
10. Superlative president, top TV news team share link between French

- beast, holy man (9).
14. Be around bone, to win friends abroad (5).
15. Float mismanaged high up (5).
19. North places chaos in embrace (7).
20. Ollie-N.-gate, no lie: mixed fruit (7).
24. Kraut's toot looped (4).
25. John Stuart grinds exceeding fine (4).
The answers to the Un-British Contragate Special Crossword appear on page 59.

COMEDY TOO FRESH NOT TO CATCH.

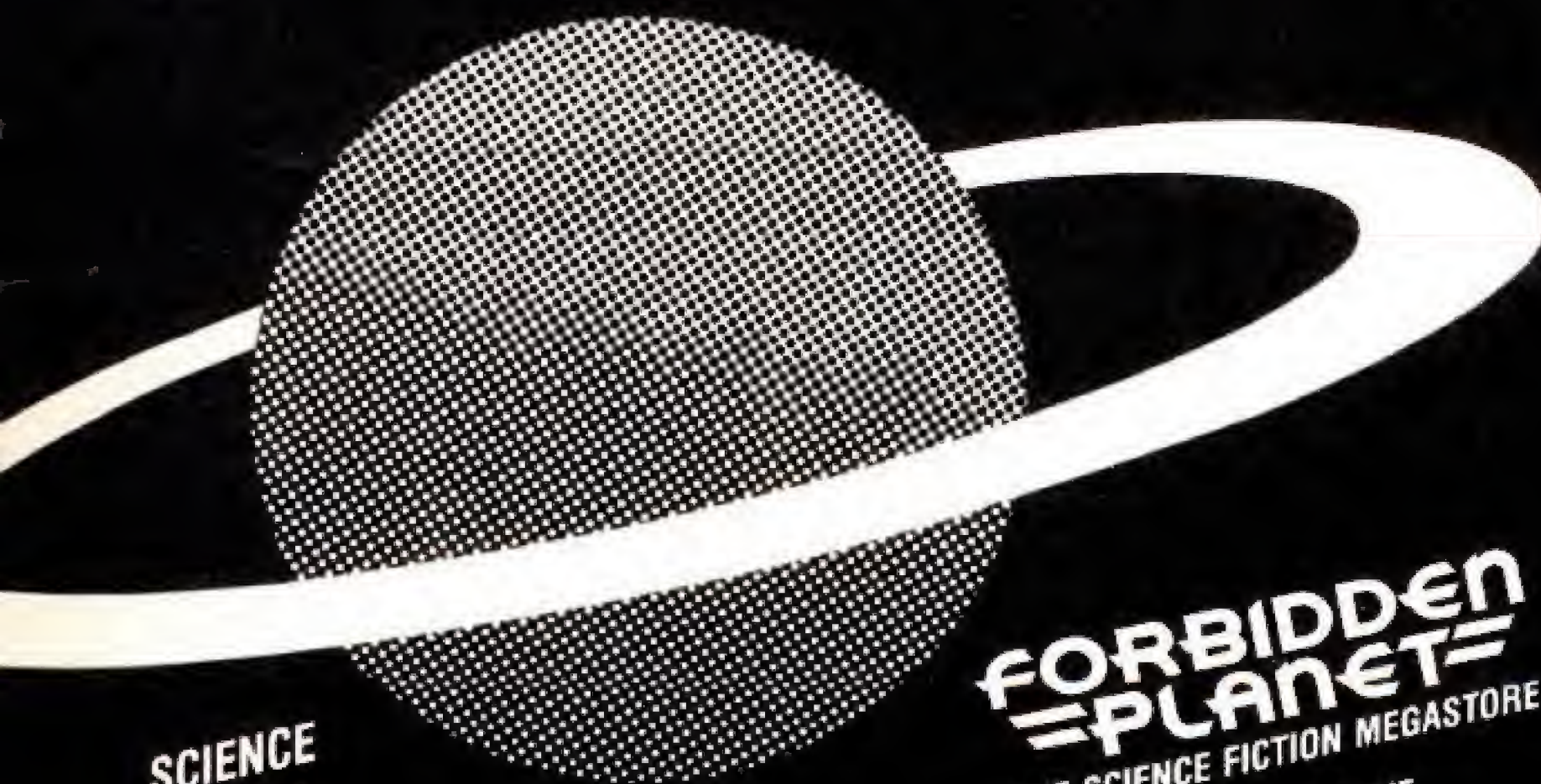
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